My Welcome Beyond

And Other Poems.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS 2734
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf .R3M8
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MY

WELCOME BEYOND,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALLIE WELLINGTON.

NEW YORK:
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.
NEW HAVEN: JUDD & WHITE.
1877.

PS2734
.R3M8

Copyright,
1876,
By Dodd, Mead & Company.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
My Welcome Beyond	7
At Last	10
My Ships	12
If	15
The Dying Year	18
The Faces We Meet	20
Some Day	24
Inner Sanctum	28
Somebody's Home	31
Ships at Sea	34
Agony Bells	38
Drifting	41
Naming the Baby	44
Going Home	48
To Mrs. Allie W. Brooks	53
Driving Home the Cows	56
It may Be	60
Dropping Anchor	63
The Magic Chime	67
President Lincoln	70
Promise	73
The Strawberry Girl	74
Responsum	79
Dream-Land	81
The Church Angel	85
The River	88
Pond Lilies	90
Waiting at the Gate	94

PAGE

THE WHETTING OF THE SCYTHE 97
AUTUMN 102
UNDER THE SNOW 105
WEAVINGS 108
THE UNSEEN 111
THE UNKNOWN 114
DEAD 116
THE STORM KING 118
THE EARLY BIRD 120
RECOGNITION 123
ÉTOILE DE LA MER 126
LIFE'S BRAVURAS 128
RAIN ON THE ROOF 131
A FRAGMENT 135
VIGILS 136
THE BLUE VIOLET 139
AGNES ALLEN 141
INDIAN SUMMER 144
THE WHIP-POOR-WILL 147
WHY NOT? 150
THE DRUMMER BOY 153
ROWING 157
THE TOLLING BELL 161
NOT YET 164
EVANGELINE 167
THE WINDS 170
THE CONNECTICUT RIVER 173
THE END. (TO A. W. B.) 178
WAITING FOR ME 182
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW 184
1776—1876 187

MY WELCOME BEYOND.

WHO will greet me first in Heaven,
When that blissful realm I gain,
When the hands have ceased from toiling,
And the heart hath ceased from pain;
When the last farewell is spoken,
Severed, the last tender tie,
And I know how sweet, how solemn,
And how blest it is to die?

As my barque glides o'er the waters
Of that cold and silent stream,
I shall see the domes of temples
In the distance brightly gleam;
Temples of that beauteous city
From all blight and sorrow free;
Who adown its golden portal
First will haste to welcome me?

Ah, whose eyes shall watch my coming
From that other, fairer shore?
Whose the voice I first shall listen
That shall teach me heavenly lore?
When my feet shall press the mystic
Borders of that better land,
Whose face greet my wondering vision?
Whose, shall clasp the spirit hand?

Who will greet me first in Heaven?
Oft the earnest thought will rise,
Musing on the unknown glories
Of that home beyond the skies;
Who will be my spirit's mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright?
Or an angel from the countless
Myriads of that home of light?

No, NOT THESE—for they have never
Gladdened here my mortal view;
But the dear ones gone before us,
They, the *loved*—the *tried*—the *true;*

They who walked with us life's pathway,
To its joys and griefs were given ;
They who loved us *best* in Earthland,
Be the *first* to greet in Heaven !

AT LAST.

CLOSE the sightless eyes with tender, loving care,
They are blessed with visions of beauty otherwhere ;
Place the feet that many a thorny path have trod ;
No more weary wanderings ;—he is with his God.

Brush the wavy locks from o'er the marble brow,
All that death hath left us that is changeless now ;
Brow that once so humbly bowed beneath the rod
Wears the crown immortal ;—he is with his God.

Fold the hands so cold o'er the pulseless heart,—
Heart so kind and noble, of our lives a part ;
No more toilsome labor, or shadowed ways to plod ;
Done, life's longings, strivings ;—he is with his God.

Lay around him flowers that he used to love,
Maybe he still loves them in his home above ;
Bear him,—gently bear him to his last abode,
Peaceful are his slumbers—safely with his God.

Worth and merits cherish ; o'er his errors all,
Let the silken mantle of charity e'er fall ;
Make *thy* life as noble as the path he trod,
Emulate his virtues ; leave the rest with God.

Let no fears, or doubts obscure the promise true, —
For His children ever there is One will do
More than earthly parent,—saith His loving word,
Therefore heart, be comforted ; trust him with his God.

Place the green turf o'er him, there to slumber deep,
Till the angel cometh to wake him from his sleep ;
Let no sorrowing tear-drops fall upon the sod,
Home at last he's entered,—*Leave him with his God !*

MY SHIPS.

I WONDER where, ah, me !
This stormy night,
The ships I sent to sea
With colors dight,
And sails spread fair,
And pennons fluttering in the breezy air,
All decked to brave Life's ocean wide,
And gaily o'er each billow ride ?

Launched from youth's golden strand,
Freighted with hope,
I bade them some fair land,
Or sweet isle's slope
Seek out for me ;—
Some fair enchanted realm, some bright To Be—
Fairer than seen by mortal eyes
This side the pale of Paradise !

Away on sunny seas
I bade them go,—
Then come rich argosies
With wings not slow,
And enter port
Bearing the treasures of a restless heart,—
Freighted with all that golden schemes
Had wrought, or wove my brightest dreams.

Ah, me ! where *can* they be !
What waters know
Those ships I sent to sea
So long ago ?
With anxious gaze
I've scanned the line of the horizon's maze,
Yet no proud sail, with gleam alight,
E'er yet has cheered my wistful sight !

Hath Fate her dire monsoon
Sent treacherous forth ?
Or merciless lagoon
Spread ruin's dearth ?

Do tropic sands
Drift o'er their shattered masts on foreign strands?
Or did they find life's frigid, polar sea,
And crystal chains withhold my ships from me?

Alas! *where can they be*
This stormy night?
They come not back to me
With colors dight!
Perchance they found
Not what they sought, in all earth's weary round,
And so my treasured hopes—no more at sea,
Anchored in yon bright port, now wait for me.

"IF."

IF there should come to me to-night
Some bright-winged seraph from the other shore,
And say, "Mortal, lay by thine earthly care,
Thy labors here are all forever o'er,"
Would I be sad, or joyous at the call—
This summons from the Father to come home
And take the rest for which I often sigh?
Greet him with smiles, or tears, who sayeth "Come"?
Ah, me, alas! I scarcely know;
Each varied gift doth tempt me so!

Life's goblet to the brim is full,
And bright the hue and sparkle of its wine;
I just am reaching forth the hand to take,
And to the eager lips to press it mine;
The spirit of its joy doth beckon, "Stay,
Sip first these sweets, and pluck these flowers fair,

Leave not ungathered all these beauteous gems
For those that deck a realm far *otherwhere ;*
The day is scarce begun, and all
Unfinished is life's madrigal ! "

And there are tasks that wait me here,
For the dear Master, that I fain would do ;
Alas, that those already done should seem
So incomplete, so meager, and so few !
And there are ties so *tender*, yet so *strong*,
That bind us here ; fond hearts to which we cling,
That love shrinks back appalled and terrified,
At this dread pain of earthly severing,
The gloaming, and the stream so cold,
The silent darkness, and the mold.

Yet there are crosses that I faint beneath,
And heavy burdens I would fain lay down ;
Temptations dire from which I would be free,
And earnest yearnings that I would were grown
To bright fruition ; and, far better still,
Loved faces that I long once more to see,

And hands long parted eager clasp again ;
Though dark and cold soe'er the stream may be,
By His strong hand I shall be led,
His breast support my weary head.

And so, if there should come to-night
The messenger that God will send to me,
I could to either angel—Life, or Death—
Say, "Stay, sweet spirit, I will bide with thee ;"
And as each day the shades of evening fall,
I whisper to my soul, that "it may be
The shadow of His wings who comes to set
Thee from thine earthly fetters ever free."
Whate'er the hour He choose to come,
I wait and pray, "*Thy will be done.*"

THE DYING YEAR.

THE old year lieth low; dim is his eye,
And icy cold the deeply-furrowed brow
O'er which his white locks stray, while languidly
Faint pulses tell the life-tide ebbing now!
Oh, bring ye memory's flowers, and of them weave
A chaplet bright, to crown the dying year,
And strew them there, though tears for *Nevermore*
And "*Might have been*" fall sadly on his bier.

Many a cherished treasure hath he given,
Many a treasure borne away for e'er,
Sent forth the bridal, and the funeral train,
Mingled glad welcomes with the farewell tear,
Blended the sound of revelry and mirth,
With the fierce battle's din, the mourner's wail;
For some, the myrtle and the rose hath twined,
Others, the cypress dark, and night-shade pale.

Hark, to the muffled tread of centuries !
From that dim shore,—the Past—they hither come
To claim their kindred ; the dark pall above,
And snowy shroud beneath are spread, while moan
The sorrowing winds a mournful requiem.
Farewell, old year ; we part to meet no more
As now,—yet from that land of sepulchers,
Oft wilt thou come with spectral throngs of yore.

How wilt thou come ? Like a reproachful shade,
To censure for the follies of the past,
For moments lost, and duties all undone,
Or blight, or shadow o'er some spirit cast ?
Or, with the guise approving, say "Well done,
Beyond, a fadeless crown shall deck thy brow" ?
How wilt thou come to Memory's hall, Old Year ?
Our hearts are saying—echo answereth—How ?

THE FACES WE MEET.

OH, the faces we meet! the faces we meet!
At home, or abroad, on the hurrying street!
Each has its history, dark, or bright,
Traced so clearly in legible light,
As with pen of gold
Of finest mold,
Diamond pointed,
And lightly scrolled,
Some telling that Fortune hath graciously planned
Their sketch, and wrote with her soft, white hand;

Others, where harrowing Grief and Care
Have left in steel their traces there—
Steel that cuts like the two-edged sword
Slowly carving each written word,

Through anxious fears,
And sorrowing tears,
Each furrowed line
Its import wears;
And we read that "Life is a stern warfare,
To *battle* and *do*, to *suffer* and *bear!*"

While others—the iron hand of Sin
Branding each line and sentence in—
Leaving forever its harrowing trace,
Where once was purity, beauty, and grace;
The soul's deep scars
Like iron bars
O'er windows bright,
The visage mars;
And we read,—"Life's a wild bacchanalian song,
The province of selfishness, ruin, and wrong!"

Faces so old, yet so young in their years,
Where pinching penury blights and sears,
And the bony finger of Poverty writes,
And merciless Misery e'er indites;

Where pain and want,
And hunger gaunt,
Bid joy, and beauty
And hope avaunt ;—
"Life is to wander starving, and cold,
Shunned, and forsaken, toil, and grow old !"

Oh, the faces we meet,—the faces we meet,
At home, or abroad, on the hurrying street !
Beautiful faces, with soul-beaming eyes,—
Visions of angels that walk in disguise !
Faces glad and as gay
As the blue skies of May,
With no more of care
Than the rose on the spray ;
Others, sad, yet more sweet, with submission's soft tone,
By treading the wine-press of sorrow alone.

Pitiful faces upturned so to mine,
Wistful and eager, as if to divine
If human charity, pity, or love
Could be found 'neath the dome of the heaven above ?

Little faces so old,
Thin with hunger and cold,—
Faces furrowed by toil
After perishing gold!
Ah, the heart is oft burdened with sorrow replete,
By the tales that are read in the faces we meet!

SOME DAY.

THERE will be a hush in a darkened room,
Where, heeding not the stilly gloom,
A pallid form will lowly lie
'Neath the folds of the snowy drapery ;
Pale hands clasped o'er a pulseless breast,
Cold, white lips in silence pressed,—
Eyes that have closed in sleep for aye ;
There will be footsteps' muffled tread,
And voices whisper,—"*She is dead,*"—
Some day !

Others' tears, and others' woes
Shall not disturb my deep repose ;
Perhaps some loving hand may press
My marble brow in tenderness,
And twine the myrtle with flowers fair,
To deck my rest as I slumber there ;

But naught to me will that pressure be,
Or beauty, or fragrance of rarest flowers,—
The light, or shadow of passing hours,—
Some day.

I shall not heed as they bear me on
With solemn tread to the church-yard lone,
Or hear the toll of the deep-toned bell
Breaking with mournful ebb and swell ;
As they lower me down, I shall heed, nor fear,
The requiem strain I shall not hear,
Or ever the shock of the yellow clay,
As with hollow sound on the coffin lid
It falls, and covers my narrow bed,—
Some day.

Summer and winter will come and go
With their floral wealth, and robes of snow,
And the phantom train of years go by,
But I shall not heed them where I lie ;
The violet there with its eye of blue,
May weep o'er my mound its tears of dew,

The wild bird trill his sweetest lay,
Yet the heart that 'neath lies cold and still,
Will not respond with its wonted thrill,—
Some day.

Only a lock of silken hair,—
Little mementos here, and there,
Only a ceasing of toil and strife,—
Alas, alas! is it *all* of life?
Ah, no! there's somewhere a fairer shore,
Where hands long parted shall clasp once more,
A beauteous land in the far away,
Where light and joy will e'er remain,
And the soul its long lost treasures regain,—
Some day.

Then why should we fear, oh Death! thy clasp,
Or shrink at the touch of thine icy grasp,
Since thou art the angel that opens the gate
Of that city bright, where our loved ones wait?
We will place the hand without one thrill,
Into thine own, so cold and chill;

Come, lead us thou, to that realm of day,
Where never is heard a sigh, or knell,
But where the pure and beautiful dwell
For aye !

INNER SANCTUM.

DEEP within the heart's recesses
Is an inner sanctum, where
Loves the soul to hold communion
With the guests assembled there ;
'Tis afar from earth's vain striving,
Far from its discordant din,
And an agel guards the portal
That no *stranger* enter in !

There's an altar whose pure incense
Wafteth upward evermore ;
Holy sacraments are offered,
Treasured relics there of yore ;
There are tones whose gentle accents
Greet us now on earth no more—
Tones that wake a thrilling echo,
'Long the soul's vast corridor.

There are faces (how we loved them!)—
That once lightened all life's care,
Only *there* they now can greet us,
Only *now* that angels wear!
Harp-tones soothe the weary spirit,
Voices whisper words of cheer,
Gentle hands with magic kindness
Wipe away each falling tear.

And the world knows not the blessings
Resting on the spirit brow,—
Knoweth not the sacrifices
Offered,—heareth not the vow,
For it seeth not the shining
Ones that ever greet us here,
In the heart's e'er blooming greenwood,
Be earth's pathway bright, or drear.

Mortal, in thy weary wanderings
After Fame's delusive goal,
Sometimes turn thee to this Eden,—
This Palladium of the soul;

Let no sacrilegious offering
E'er those altar-fires bedim ;
Keep thine angel ever stationed
That no *stranger* enter in !

SOMEBODY'S HOME.

CAREFULLY open the time-worn gate,
Tread not thoughtless the grass-grown path,
Enter not rudely the lowly door
Where, long neglected, the ivy hath
Intertwined with loving clasp
Its slender branches, as if in pledge
To guard the spot where perchance e'en now
Sweet memories oft make their pilgrimage ;
Spot, wherever the feet may roam,—
Some soul's Mecca,—somebody's home !

To the broken trellis the rose-vine clings
In dependent beauty, and to the air
Giveth its sweetest fragrance forth ;
But where the hand that trained it? *Where ?*

Where are the feet that this threshold trod?
The gladsome voices of laughter and song?
Where are the forms that to this lone place
Gave life and beauty the live day long?
Ah, what spot more sad, 'neath the heaven's blue dome,
Than the mouldering ruins, once somebody's home?

Weeds are waving where once the flame
Cheerfully greeted each glad return;
Drear is the hearth, once the scene of mirth—
In its ashes cold no pale embers burn;
The wild bird carols it plaintive note,
Where once trilled the mother's lullaby;
Where erst the sportive sunbeam strayed,
Now, dark and spectral shadows lie;
A viewless presence seems haunting each room
Of this tenantless Eden,—somebody's home.

Here, hath been welcome, and farewell tones,
Joy, and sorrow, and anxious care;
It may be angels have hovered near,
Upward to Heaven some heartfelt prayer,
Or ransomed spirit to gently bear!

Then carefully open the time-worn gate,
Enter not rudely the lowly door,
'Tis the shrine where the soul's purest offerings wait,
Which adown the dim aisles of long years may have come,
Sacred to memory!—Somebody's home!

SHIPS AT SEA.

ON the flowery bank of a purling stream
Stands a fair-haired boy, while the golden gleam
Of the morning rests on the sunny face,
And 'mid flowing ringlets caressingly plays;
A dimpled hand clasps the gilded prow
Of a little toy skiff, and eagerly now
It reaches out to the silvery tide,
And the painted sails o'er the water glide.
The little feet dance, while he shouts with glee,
"Oh mama—come look! My ship's at sea!"
But the blue eyes glisten with falling tears
As the tiny skiff down the current steers
And cometh not back at his pleading call;
Smile not at his grief; 'twas his childish—*all!*

Slowly pacing the wave-worn strand,
Her soft, pink cheek by the sea-breeze fanned,

A maiden watcheth with pensive air.
Anon she stops, and with hand so fair
Shading the light from her earnest eyes,
She looks afar, where the blue waste lies
Blended with mist in the distance pale,
To catch the glimpse of a snowy sail ;
And her face lights up with glad surprise
As the bright mirage from the waves doth rise,
But sighs succeed, as the shadows play
O'er the surging deep, and 'tis lost for aye.
Thus gazing afar through hope and fear,
With a smile that gleams through a trembling tear,
She waiteth long for the bright *to be*,—
That coming ship on the distant sea !

Day by day in his counting-room
The merchant toileth 'mid gathering gloom,
While anxious thought and wearisome care
Twine a cypress wreath for his pale brow there ;
He searcheth the lists of "Arrivals" o'er,
"Late Departures" from a foreign shore,
The "Wrecks," "Disasters," the "Lost at Sea,"
Murmurs of ruin and poverty,

And clencheth his hand as if power to crave,
While he utters a curse on the tardy wave ;
His locks grow white as the years go by,
Furrowed the brow, and dim the eye
Watching and waiting his earthly *all*,—
Treasures that lie 'neath the dark wave's pall.

A low, thatched cot by the sounding shore,
Sends its beacon ray when the storm-clouds lower,
And night comes on, and the surf beats wild,
And the heart of the widow is with her child ;
The mariner sees it through distance dim,
Takes hope, for he knoweth 'tis meant for him ;
There, morning and eve the mother prays,
That "He who the winds and tempest stays,
Keep from all ill and danger free
My darling Willie, on the wide, wide sea."

Ah, we *all* have ships on a stormy sea,
That sea is the marge of Eternity ;
And with anxious hearts, when the tempest's rife,
Do we scan the clouded horizon of life,

If perchance a glimmering sail may appear
To tell of hope, and comfort near ;
Thus we watch, and wait by the wave-worn strand
Those coming ships from a far-off land ;
But 'tis known but to One whether woe, or weal
Be their freight, or how long ere the grating keel
May sound a welcome to thee and me,—
Whether safely anchored, or—*lost at sea!*

AGONY BELLS.*

SOMEBODY'S dying to-night! Alas!
Hear ye those agony bells,
Solemnly, mournfully break on the air,
The saddest of all sad knells?
From yon high tower they downward float,
Like a voice from the far-off Heaven;
To some soul 'tis the last of earth,
And its tenderest ties are being riven,
Somebody's dying!

Is it childhood, lovely and pure,
Whose spirit is cleaving this midnight air?
Is it youth in the flush of hope,
With its dreams of the future radiant and fair?

* There was formerly a custom in the Roman Catholic Church to commence a solemn toll of bells, called Agony Bells, when any one connected with that church was supposed to be dying.

Or is it manhood, strong and brave,
That's fallen in the noontide strife,
Or age bent down with the weight of years,
Treading the twilight paths of life?
Somebody's dying!

It may be a mother—a father—child,
A sister—a brother—a maiden fair;
It may be a homeless, friendless one—
A stranger, far from love's tender care!
Whoe'er it be, was the solemn call
Welcome, or greeted with startling fears?
Was their mission accomplished? their life-work done?
Are they angel voices the spirit hears?
Somebody's dying!

There are *other* deaths, there are *other* graves
Than those spread o'er by the grassy mound;
There are *other* mourners than sable clad,
And sepulchres *else* than on earth are found;

There are souls that to darkness and death go down,
Whose corridors echo reproachful knells ;
There are friendships that languish, and hopes that expire,
And hearts that e'er list their own agony bells,
Forever dying !

DRIFTING.

DOWN by the shell-strewn, pebbly shore,
Where the city's din is heard no more,
Where the sea-birds dip their wings in play,
And the waves are decked with feathery spray,
Where light and shadow rise and fall,
I sit and list the ocean's call,
As with many a sigh her bosom heaves
Like a maiden who o'er her lost lover grieves ;
Watching the wild birds in their play,
Watching the dark waves decked with spray,
The ocean's sighs, and the sunbeams gay,
The seaweeds drifting away, away.

Watching the dip of the plashing oar,
The ships that pass, and return no more,
The fading light of the snowy sail,
The ploughing steamer's foamy trail,

The fisherman's toil on the distant sea,
Like that long ago on the Galilee,—
The faces that come, and the faces that go,
As far and near the boatmen row ;
Watching the tide as it creeps more near
Up the frowning rocks, then retreats in fear,
Writing its history on the sand
Like the graceful sweep of a magic hand.

Now the merry sound of laughter and song,
Comes borne o'er the dancing waves along,
And the sunlight's glow on the waters blue
Kindles with gold and iris hue,—
Changing *this* wave dark to an emerald's gleam,
And *that* to a diamond's glittering sheen ;
This is turned to an amethyst ;
That wave of pearl has a silver crest ;
Onyx and sapphire, ruby and gold,
Glittering gems of hues untold
Here at my feet spread far and wide,
Rise and fall with the fitful tide ;
But a shadow creeps o'er the wondrous view,
And all is changed to a leaden hue !

Oh, beautiful sea, so old and gray,
Though brightly the sunbeams o'er thee play,
Thy precious freight, and thy scenes so gay
From me are drifting away, away!

We each are adrift, on a wide, wide sea;
A sea whose shore is Eternity;
Sunlight and shadow over us fall,
Storm and tempest spread their pall;
Other barges we hail and greet,
Then sever, no more on its waves to meet;
Yet whether the storm, or sunlight fall,
The Great God watcheth over all;
And we know that oft through the tempest's roar,
Sweet voices shall reach us from yon bright shore,
And our eyes may catch from that misty strand
The beckoning glimpse of some loved hand.
Like a flower that floats on the ocean's spray,
Hour by hour, and day by day,
With its drear December, and smiling May,
Our lives are drifting away, away!

NAMING THE BABY.

WHAT shall we call our darling,
This little waif of love,
This compound of smiles and dimples,
Sent to us from above?
This little bundle of gladness
Where the rose and lily vie,
And the fairest tint of the violet
Ne'er equaled the blue of her eye?

This wealth of gold and sunshine
That we somehow misname "*curls*,"
These two little lips of ruby,
With four little snow-white pearls;
Smiles, and tears, and dimples,
Little hands and feet never still,
What shall we call this treasure
That so our hearts doth fill?

What shall we call the baby,
Our little nameless dove?
What shall the angels call her,
Up in the home above?
It must be something gentle,
With accents soft and sweet,
With a tender, joyous cadence,
And for love's language meet.

A name that hints of the witchery
Of her winsome, artless ways,
And the matchless charm and beauty
Of her angel form and face;
For never was face so faultless,
Or fair to look upon,
As that of our darling baby,
The sweetest under the sun!

Shall it be Maude, or Minnie,
Grace, or Evangeline?
Lilian? sainted Agnes?
Or Mary,—half divine?

Inez, for dark eyes only,
And locks of waving jet;
Lenore, and queenly Laura
Suggest the proud brunette;

Annie, and Nellie,—too common!
While Avice, so much preferred,
Doth not with her eyes so dreamy,
And angel face accord;
Oh, who would have thought so meagre
The long list, one by one,
As we seek a name for our darling,
The sweetest under the sun!

What shall we call the baby,
Our little nameless dove?
What shall the angels call her,
Up in the home above?
This compound of smiles and dimples
With hands and feet never still,
This little gleam of sunshine
That so our hearts doth fill?

Ah, it recks not so much what we *call* her,
If she only be faithful and true
To the life-work laid before her,
That her little hands may do ;
If only the feet never wander
From paths of light divine,
And when *He* numbers His jewels
"The Master" calls her—"*mine.*"

GOING HOME.

SOME shall go at daybreak, when the mists lie on the plain,
And the dewdrops sparkle like diamonds from mountain-top to main,
When the morning-glory opens its crumpled edges fair,
Reaching its silken tendrils to grasp the soft June air,—
When the lily is heavy with fragrance held in its pure white cup,
And the far-off aisles of the woodland are wafting their incense up,
And the little birds half-wakened, twitter their first sweet note,
While the orient rays steal upward, and like golden banners float,

And the angel that opens the portal of Heaven to
let them in,
Shall see that morn is breaking o'er our world of
shadow and sin,—
Our beautiful, beautiful Earthland, where the lessons
of life begin!

And some shall go at the noontide, when the sun with
quivering heat
Hath drank the dew of the morning from each wood-
land's cool retreat,
When the birds have ceased their carols, and to the
forest fled,
And like a bashful maiden the lily droops her head,—
When the tide is high in the harbor, and the stately
ships come in
With their freight from a far-off country, 'mid the
whir and busy din
Of the little nestled village, with its sloping hillside,
where
The voices of merry children float on the summer
air;

Yes, some shall go at the noontide away from this
busy scene,
And rest in that *other* village that lies on the hillside
green,—
That silent, peaceful village, where the river rolls
between.

And some shall pass in the twilight, when the glory-
kindled west
Seems a stairway from earth to Heaven, of gold and
amethyst;
Ruby and sapphire blending their splendors over
all,
Towering high, and higher, till they reach the jasper
wall;—
When so still lie the misty shadows, so voiceless the
fragrant air,
We can almost hear the footsteps of angels on the
stair
As they ascend and descend on missions of God to
men,
Changing earth to the olden Bethel scene again,—

While the stars that look down so peaceful from yonder
vaulted sky,
Like beacons light that stairway up to the world on
high,—
World linked with the realm of mortals by a strange
and mystic tie !

And some, in the holy midnight, when the earth in
silence sleeps,
And the pale moon faithful vigils above its slumber
keeps,
When the lily has shut its petals to wake at the morn-
ing dawn,
And the bright-winged bird of the woodland to its
downy nest hath flown ;
Or when winter winds are sweeping across a stormy sky,
And the weird old trees are waving their ghostly hands
on high,
Moaning and wildly shrieking all through the dreary
night,
With the lifeless earth deep buried in its sepulchre cold
and white !

Ah, it matters not *when* the going, or ever the bound
be passed,
Though the warm and radiant sunshine, or tempest
overcast,
Whether early, or late the summons—if, we only reach
home, at last!

TO MRS. ALLIE W. BROOKS.

LINGER not among the shadows
When God's sunlight is so free,
Flooding all the world with beauty,
Woodland, vale, and boundless sea ;
Life hath much of joy and gladness,
In the mission we fulfill,
Many bright and sunny pathways,
We may choose them, if we will.

Linger not among the shadows,
See how constant is His care
O'er the *least* of His creation,
Bird and insect everywhere ;
Feeds with dew each tender flower,
Clothes the lily of the lea,
Shall he not with loving kindness
Even much more care for thee?

Linger not among the shadows,
Look not e'er through dimming tears
Down the future's darkened vista,
Clouded by thy doubts and fears ;
Only trust the great "Our Father"
Every doubting fear to quell ;
Thou may'st gain *e'en here* the assurance
That "He doeth all things well."

Linger not among the shadows,
Look for light and strength above,
To the soul's sure hope and comfort,
One whose name is ever love,—
One who did of deepest sorrow,
Death itself, for us partake,
Who hath said, "I will go with thee,
Never leave thee, nor forsake."

Linger not among the shadows
Dearest friend ; that loving hand
That hath placed the heavy burden,
'Neath its weight shall help thee stand,

Help thee bear it on till even,
When we lay our burdens down,
Greet the smile of waiting loved ones,
And receive the waiting crown.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OLD BRINDLE stands at the pasture bars,
Chewing demure her cud;
Patiently through she solemnly peers,
And whisking her tail at the troublesome flies,
She turns her large soul-looking eyes
With a wistful look where the cold spring lies
On the hillside slopes, where the mosses green
Like velvet are lining the banks between;
And her honest face seems wondering why
Two little forms, with feet so spry,
Come not down the path by the wood.

But soon four little sunburnt hands
Are reaching the topmost bar;
And one little form on tiptoe stands,
For Susie is only six years old,—
Robbie, eight and a half,—with months all told,

Though he seems quite a man, so noble, and bold:
When all are down to the lowest round,
Old Brindle goes o'er with a lazy bound,
And takes her way to the brook's retreat,
Browsing here and there the clover sweet
With a tranquil, matronly air.

Soberly after, come Spot and Red,
And stand in the stream knee deep,
Drinking peacefully, head to head;
While Bessie, the heifer, makes more ado,
And utters her joy in a high-keyed "*Moo-o-o,*"
And shaking her horns, frisks and capers anew,
As if there were never so happy a thing,
As out of the pasture, and down at the spring,
While the little drivers have much for eyes
And ears to catch, with glad surprise,
And their feet from hastening keep.

There are "pussy willows" just over the knoll
Where the cresses grow each year;
There are golden cowslips with blossoms so full,

And farther, are violets, white and blue,
With their delicate, penciled lines so true,
And the flower de luce, robed in royal hue ;
There's the sun-heated sand to trace bare little feet,
And the stream's crystal pool for a cooler retreat,
While the shad-bush holds tempting its blossoms of snow ;
There's the wintergreen mound with bright berries aglow,
And the birch tree growing near.

The squirrel that's leaping from bough to bough,
Must be followed to find his home ;
See the chipmuck skipping the stone wall now !
There's the blue jay wearing so jaunty his cap ;
The groundmole just waked from his afternoon nap,
And the woodchuck that long has evaded the trap.
There's a robin's nest up in the maple tree,
With its downy lining, and blue eggs three ;

Then down in the leaves they must cautiously
spy,
To see if the grass-birds are ready to fly,
Or the mother bird has come !

What wonder is it that twilight dew
Rests on the orchard boughs,
Ere Brindle's well-known, gentle low
Is heard at the barn-yard gate ?
Chide them ? Ah, no ! though the hour be late ;
Leave harsh, stern things for their coming Fate,
For full, *full soon*, to the careless child
Will come life's toil, and turmoil wild,
When the weary heart shall know more care
Than now the buoyant spirits share
In driving home the cows !

IT MAY BE.

IT may be that around us all unseen,
Unheeded 'mid life's strife and hurrying,
Some parched lips are thirsting for the draught
Whose cooling waters we alone can bring ;
Hearts fainting 'neath their heavy, weary weight,
A word, or smile might make that burden light ;
Or spirit wounded, broken, whose deep pain
Our hand might soothe, did we but heed aright.

It may be that the lightly spoken word
May turn to bitterness some cup of life
And poison all its sweetest springs of joy,
That otherwise with happiness were rife ;
Could we unkindly think if the green turf
Were lying o'er his cold and pallid brow?
Sweet sympathy can never reach the dead,
Give needed charity and kindness *now*.

Would we so often falter by the way,
The light temptation yield, the right deny,
For lack of charity the wrong bid speed,
Pass on the "*other side*" the duty by
We deem as irksome, did we only know
That, leaning from the bastion of the skies
O'er all our devious, earthly wanderings,
Some dear one watched with tender, loving eyes?

It may be that the gently flitting air
We deem the breeze that fans our fevered brow,
Is but the stirring of the angels' wings
That hover round us as we journey now;
And vague presentiments of future things
Which oft like gleams across our spirits stray,
Are but the fragments of deep mysteries
We catch, as they hold converse by the way.

It may be that the years we've numbered ours,
Are only days, or hours, or moments less,
And that our cherished plans, and golden schemes
Cry out to us in their own helplessness

For time, and execution ere they fade
As many an idle dreamer's erst hath done,
While the propitious moment gliding by,
No battle fought, or noble victory won!

Life hath its earnest work, its care and need,
No time for idle dreaming by the way:
Up and be doing, though the wished-for meed
Be long withheld! Work while it is to-day!
The shadows lengthen, hours have grown apace,
We know not what the morrow's sign shall be;
Ere yet the sunlight tints the eastern sky,
It may be that "The Master" calls for thee.

Oh, ye who patient wait with hope deferred,
Whose life with wearying care and toil is fraught,
Longing for the sweet recompense of rest
Earth cannot give in plenitude—think not
Thy loved and lost, thy cherished home and rest,
So *far* removed beyond death's chilling stream—
Work, wait, and hope, with earnest, trustful hearts,
It may be Heaven is nearer than ye deem.

DROPPING ANCHOR.

HIS life had been rough and stormy, as only a sailor's can be,
For since his early boyhood, home was the wide, wide sea;
And her waves, and her tossing billows, her storms and her breezes wild,
Had taught, and molded each impulse, claiming him for her child.

Handling the ropes and ratlines, like the careless sport of a toy;
Braving the storms that threatened, with a kind of wanton joy;
Reefing the sails at the order, climbing the mainmast's height,
Keeping watch at the station, all through the wearisome night:

And so he had grown to manhood,—unpolished, but strong and brave,
With a heart as true and noble, as e'er loved the ocean wave ;
With all ports of the world for his station, all nations his kinship and clan,
His creed—"Love to God and thy neighbor;" his neighbor and brotherhood—*Man.*

Never counting his life as precious, were another's in peril to save,
In wreck, or disaster, to succor—risking a watery grave ;
Ever true to earth and to Heaven ; discarding pain and fear,
And giving to suffering sorrow, relief, as well as a tear.

But there came a time when life's voyage for him was almost done,
Its storms and its tempests over, the haven of promise won ;

For the head so white and silvered, on its dying pillow
lay,
And with the tide's outgoing his life-tide ebbed away.

A comrade bending o'er him, broke on his deafening
ear—
"How is it with you, Captain; have you aught of
doubt or fear?"
The pale face lights with radiance, while the faltering
voice replies:
"No, I see a light in the distance, out from the dark
waves rise!"

The hours go by: still fluttering against its prison
walls,
The spirit seems to linger, while the low tide ebbs and
falls;
"How is it *now*?" is questioned; and with a gasp-
ing breath,
"*Rounding the Cape,*" makes answer, in the husky
tone of death.

The midnight comes; the tide waves have left the
barren strand,
While the breeze goes down on the ocean, and over
the silent land;
The face of the dying pallors, yet the spirit seems to
thrill
With a joy that leaves its impress, and the beating heart
is still.

"*How now?*" is again the question signaled to death's
dull ear,
While the dim, set eyes are closing on all that once
was dear;
The cold, white lips just quiver with the spirit's answer
passed,
And the whispered words, "*Drop anchor!*" tells the
mariner home at last!

THE MAGIC CHIME.

UP the river, up the river,
There's a castle quaint and old,
Standing on its wave-worn borders
In relief fantastic, bold ;
To its walls the ivy clinging,
Intertwines with blossoms fair,
Giving out, like swaying censers,
Ceaseless incense on the air.

Through each cleft and rifted casement,
Brightest sunbeams love to stray,
Resting like a golden halo
Round some cherished niche for aye ;
It hath devious halls and windings,
Where we store our treasures rare,
There are shadowy forms and faces
Flitting noiseless everywhere.

There are Hope's pale, withered garlands,
Many a heart's choice souvenir,
Many a bright dream's gilded fragments,
Many a smile, and many a tear ;
There are tones whose thrilling cadence
We shall hear on earth no more,
Ah, thrice dear this wondrous castle,
And its name—its name is Yore.

From each high-arched tower and turret,
Echoeth e'er a varying chime,—
Memory's bells forever sounding
Through the mystic realm of time ;
Sometimes floating down the river
When the sky and winds are fair,
With a soothing, hallowed influence,
Like the vesper call "*To prayer.*"

And we turn to catch their music,
Leaning on our weary oar,
And refresh us from our toiling,
Strengthened by their magic power ;

Oft in sobbing intonations
Sound they when the billows swell,
Drifting on the shuddering tempest
Like the tolling of a knell.

Thus adown life's surging river,
'Mid the threatening shoals we move,
Gazing backward up the current
Where no more our barks may rove ;
Gazing forward through the dimness,
If perchance with wistful eye
We might trace the shining margin
Of bright isles,—the by-and-by.

Ah, when evening shadows gather,
And we lay aside the oar,
When the pale mists from the river,
Cold and silent on us lower—
May those chimings sweetly soothe us
Till that brighter morn begin,
And the silvery chime of Heaven
Ringeth our glad welcome in !

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

HEROIC martyr! noble, fallen brave!
How shall poor, feeble words our grief express,
How tell the great, the inestimable loss
Our country suffers in her deep distress!

A nation's heart is bleeding! Ah, how soon
Do requiems sound in Freedom's anthem's stead;
How soon do joyous chimes of victory
Change into tolling o'er her silent dead!

Thou, who with courage bold hast nobly stood
Calm and undaunted 'mid the fearful storm,
Guiding through threatening shoals and breakers dire
Our Ship of State, with skillful hand and firm, —

Who, with prophetic eye above the sea—
The deep Red Sea of blood—beheld afar
Through the dim distance, the soft ray of Truth,
And steered by it, that beauteous polar star,—

How *can* we spare thee, now the storm abates,
Oh, skillful helmsman—pilot true and tried!
Our anchor is not cast, clouds threaten still,
Between us and the port, dangers spread wide!

Pillar of strength whose falling shakes the earth,
Ah, who shall now thy mighty burden bear!
Who stand like thee amid the surging flood,
Pure and unsullied as the marble fair?

For thou of manhood wert the perfect type,
In wisdom great, honest, and brave, and kind;
Patriot and statesman, champion of the right,
Nature in thee her choicest gifts combined.

Great in thy goodness and simplicity,
Great in the sphere of intellect's vast plan,
And that which makes man ever truly great,
Great in the love of God, and love of man!

Cold is thy brow, yet resting gently there
The amaranth and laurel are entwined;
We give back dust to dust, but evermore
Within thy nation's heart thou'lt be enshrined.

Yes, other bays shall fade, and traitors' names
By future ages execrated be;
Thine, thine shall *live*, revered and loved, as long
As suns shall shine, or *hearts love liberty!*

And we had hoped that thou, so faithful, true,
Would'st live to share the blessings of thy toil;
But human sight is dim—our strength is weak,
We only know He doeth all things well:

That for *thee* now all toil and pain are o'er,
For thee the battle fought, the victory won;
In our deep sorrow we will strive to teach
Our hearts to humbly say—"Thy will be done."

EAST HARTLAND, Conn., April 14, 1865.

PROMISE.

AH, well for us that when tempests rise
With fearful gloom o'er life's fair skies,
We may know the token of promise and love,
Is somewhere spanning the clouds above ;

That though the deluge waves may roll,
But open thy window, oh, storm-tossed soul,
And the dove will come ere the tempest cease,
Bearing the olive of hope and peace.

And well for us that in after years
We may reap with joy what was sown in tears,
And the golden harvest ours shall be
In the bright Beyond—Eternity.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

SUNBURNT brow, and hazel eyes
Lit with innocent surprise,
Looking up from wayside mead
As the traveler's passing tread
Breaks the stillness, where is heard
Naught but song of wild-wood bird,
And the bee's low, drowsy hum,
Locust's whir, and beetle's drum ;
Hat half tied, half swinging down
From the head of golden brown
Decked with many a tangled curl ;
Lips of ruby cleft with pearl,
Redder for the berry's stain
(Not more sweet their kiss I ween),
While the little sculptured chin
Might an artist's pencil win.

Simple dress by wild shrub torn,
Could not hide a lovelier form ;
Graceful poise and rounded limb,
Little feet so bare and slim,
Skipping o'er the daisies white,
And the buttercups so bright,
With no thought of care, or ill,
Save thy basket gay to fill,
Then to trip across the mead
With thy treasures, where is hid
Yonder cottage's low door
By the woodbine climbing o'er,
Peeping through its leafy screen,
And the wide-branched maples green ;
Or when weary, lay thee down,
Mingling curls of golden brown
With the clovers white and red,
Tender grass and moss thy bed,
Where the coolest breezes play,
Fragrant with the new-mown hay ;
Nymph of glen and woodland bower,
Thou the fairest wayside flower !

Little maid so light and free,
With thy winsome, artless glee,
Did'st thou know the world was wide?
Dark and deep Life's surging tide?
Nay, I'll teach thee not the rune
Thou wilt learn, alas! too soon;
Deem all life as bright and fair
As thy seven summers are;
Every heart as undefiled
As thine own, sweet, loving child;
No more large the world away
Than thy flowery meadows gay;
And there rears no loftier dome
Than the roof of thy sweet home;
No more wealth, than love and mirth
That are clustered round its hearth,
And no rubies that can shed
Hues like thy ripe berries red;
And no harsher tones than heard
From the gay-winged woodland bird!
Long be joy thy happy dower,
Little snow-white, wayside flower!

For, alas! the years will speed
Quickly o'er thy sunny head,
And the heart may learn full soon
Life's not all a cloudless June,
Far more wide the world with care,
Than thy grassy meadows are ;
And that dire deceit and sin
Many a flowery path lurk in ;
Treachery and cruel wrong,
Boldly in its highway throng ;
And the spirit, weak and worn,
Some day may in sorrow turn
Back to memory's sunny fields,
Flecked with flowers, and cooling rills,—
Cross Life's vales and ocean strands,
Its Sahara's burning sands,
Seeking for the rest and bliss
Of its one green oasis,—
But to be for one short hour
Once again the wayside flower!

Ah, there's many a hapless one,
Though with fame and victory won,
Wearing gemmed or laurel crown,
That would fling the bauble down
Gladly, like thyself to be
From all care and turmoil free !
Many a jeweled, sceptered hand
Yield its wealth of gold and land,
Castle bright, and lofty dome,
Had that hand no stain e'er known
Deeper than, sweet child, thine own,—
Dimpled, berry-stained, and brown !
Long be childhood's happy hour
Little snow-white, wayside flower !

RESPONSUM.

(TO A STRANGER.)

BY the window, through whose casement
Evening throws her misty light,
Listening to the whispering tree-tops,
And the robin's last good-night ;
Listening to the many voices
Calling from the olden time,
Sitting in the twilight shadows
I am weaving out a rhyme :

"Weaving" at thy bidding, stranger,
Tell me,—what shall be my theme ?
Shall it be the Past, whose tintings
Brightly through the Present gleam ?
Or the Future, whose dim outlines
So elude our wistful sight ?
Weaving at thy bidding, stranger,
What shall be my theme to-night ?

Life, ah, life's a mystic poem
With a rhythm ever new,
Sometimes rising to a grandeur
That's divinely great and true ;
Oft with flowing intonations
Set to Hope's sweet gittern's strain,
And anon with solemn measure,
Metered to a requiem.

As the last touch of the artist
Gives the work its perfect grace,
As the last stroke of the sculptor
Is its crowning loveliness,
As the author's closing sentence
Oft with most of beauty glows,
May thy life, that wonderous poem,
Be *most* beautiful *at close*.

DREAM-LAND.

THERE'S a shadowy land, far, far away,
In a bright, ethereal sphere,
Where our spirits free and joyfully stray,
Unburdened by sorrow or fear ;
Where the skies are undimmed in depths of blue,
And decked the beauteous fields
With fragrant flowers of the fairest hue,
And fruits which earth never yields.

They come to us there from the Long Ago,
The loved whose whispered farewell
Seemed a knell to our joy as we laid them low
To rest in the quiet dell ;
They come from the prairies where bright waters flow,
And the stately forests wave,
From regions far where the shroud-like snow
E'er rests on the stranger's grave ;

From the silent depths of the deep blue sea,
From sunny climes where the fair
Magnolia flower, and the orange tree
All day lade the perfumed air ;
They gather around, and we clasp once more
The hand now vanished for aye,
And we catch the tones that in days of yore
Oft cheered life's rugged way ;

And we join in songs that we used to sing
Round the home hearth bright at even,
While the pale star-flowers were blossoming
On the silent plains of heaven.
And we list to enchanting melodies,
Symphonies wild and deep,
As we're wafted o'er to this mystic shore
By the light-winged angel—Sleep.

Anon we soar to the Dream-land bright
Unaided by Morpheus' power,
For Fancy, with pinions of silvery light,
Wafts us o'er to its magical shore.

And then, what fairy-like structures we raise!
  Aerial castles, so high,
That as we silently, joyfully gaze,
  Their domes seem to pierce e'en the sky!

And we deem that Time, in his busy round
  Them gently will touch—spare them all—
Yet often we start at the rumbling sound
  Of our beautiful castle's fall!
While Fancy, with weary and shattered wings,
  From the ruins hastens in fright,
And slowly, sadly retreating, she brings
  Back to earth from the Dream-land bright.

And though we have gazed on the gilded dome,
  As it shone in the dazzling light;
Though to crumbling clay were its fragments thrown,
  O'erspread by the gloom of night,
Yet how we love, again and again,
  Away to the ruins to soar,
And summon our allies, a numerous train,
  Another to rear as before!

Fair, mystical, Dream-land ! We'll bless thee e'er
For the wild, enchanting spell
O'er the spirit cast ; for scenes more dear
To the heart than mortal can tell ;
We'll bless thee for luring from care away,
For rest to the weary given,
And those who mourn a brighter day,
Glimpses of home, and Heaven.

THE CHURCH ANGEL.

SHE sat beside me in the church,
One beauteous Sabbath-day ;
Such eyes, I ne'er before had seen,
With a blue like skies in May !
A face, such as we sometimes dream
Are met in fairer worlds,
While 'neath her jaunty hat there peeped
A row of chestnut curls.

The sunbeams fell aslant upon
The throng of worshipers,
The soft airs flitted in and out,
Like viewless messengers ;
The organ's tone ne'er seemed so sweet,
So thrilling, nor the pause
That followed half so sacred ! How
I wonder who she was ?

The preacher followed in discourse,
And Angels were his theme,
How day by day their footsteps fall
Beside us all unseen ;
How oft they shield us from the ill,
And cheer life's thorny way ;
I thought *mine* sat beside me there,
Personified in clay !

And when my memory treacherous proved,
(Ah, sweet misfortune's lot !)
A dainty finger pointed out
The sacred hymn forgot ;
How well our voices harmonized !
(I can't divine the cause,)
But some new chord seemed to be woke—
I wonder who she was ?

The benediction resting on
Each bowed, devoted head,
I wished them but the opening words
Of ritual instead ;

I took my hat to go, like one
  Who leaves some charmed place,
While 'mid that multitude I saw
  But one—an angel face!

Sabbaths have come, and Sabbaths gone
  Full many a time since then,
And I with care still seek me out
  The same seat, but in vain;
That face is not in all that throng!
  Still ruled by Fate's stern laws,
My heart repeateth o'er and o'er,
  "*I wonder who she was!*"

THE RIVER.

A SILVERY stream in the morning light
Evermore dashes its waters bright,
With a charming melody and magical chime,
Purling along through the realms of Time,
'Mid verdant banks where the rose and thyme
Their fragrance blend; as on, and away,
Dance the fairy-like circles of spray.

A troubled river, it onward flows
'Neath the noon-tide ray, where no repose
Its wild waves find, but breakers dark
Lie deep concealed, and many a bark,
Lone wreck, and waif its borders mark,
And many a willow, and cypress tree
O'er the turbid depths bend mournfully.

With a broad, broad sweep, and a solemn sway,
Rolls the silent river in the twilight gray ;
No musical ripple with varied tone
O'er its surface plays, no surging waves moan,
But the beauteous tints of the daylight flown
On its bosom rest, like a peaceful dream,
While with the deep sea blends the mystic stream.

POND LILIES.

OH, ye who neither toil nor spin,
But clothed in white do ever rest
Upon the water's peaceful breast,
Wearing your golden coronet
With all its dewy jewels set,
Breathing such sweetness from your lives
In all your silent ministries,
Far from the proud world's ceaseless din—

How do ye chide our grosser lives,
Who, vexed and worn by sordid cares,
And strife for gifts that honor bears,
For gold, and greed, and selfish gain,
Too often mar with sin's dark stain
The spirit's spotless robe of white,
Forgetting that true peace and light
Which calm repose in God e'er gives.

Anchored to earth, your long stems float,
Rocked by the breeze with gentle sway,
And ripples that around you play,
Your slender anthers quivering,
E'en at the fan of th' wild bird's wing ;
Ye do the best that's given to do
By Him who ever cares for you,
And each frail bud and leaf doth note.

Oh, bright creations ! if it be
That all God's works for man are planned,
His highest good by wisdom scanned,
And all beneath the earth and sky,
From tiniest mote to worlds on high,
Are but His thoughts materialized,
How pure, how lovingly devised,
And sweet the thought that fashioned thee !

A loving hand hath sent ye here,
Oh beauteous flowers, to cheer the hour,
And yielding to your gentle power,
Your silent whisperings are heard,
And nobler impulses deep stirred

Within the heart, still more to love
And trust that Greatest Friend above.
Ye seem to say, "If thus for me
He careth, how much *more* for *thee*,
Oh, ye of little faith, more dear!"

But as I gaze enraptured o'er,
Close fold you in your green case cleft,
And I my treasures am bereft!
But when the first faint-tinted ray
Proclaims the coming of the day,
Like a new hope that's born to light
From out the darkness of the night,
You open all your dewy eyes
Upon the world with sweet surprise,
To see the glorious sun once more!

Thanks for thy gift, Father above,
Thanks for thy gift, oh, truest friend;
May One who each doth kindly send

To cheer and bless my varied way,
Make all thy life, till its last day,
Glad with His presence every hour
To bless; and like this beauteous flower,
As pure and sweet with His dear love.

WAITING AT THE GATE.

[Suggested on learning that a member of the 16th Connecticut Regiment died at Andersonville Prison, Ga., while waiting at the prison gate in hope of being exchanged for Confederate prisoners.]

I AM waiting at the gate, mother,
Within the prison lone,
Waiting with a painful longing
For the loving ones at home ;
For one look into your faces,
For the sweet and tender care,
Gentle tones and joyous greeting
That I know await me there.

The evening star beams bright, mother,
Far up the azure sky,
And I know it shines as brightly
On the spot for which I sigh ;

And it draws me gently to you
This evening, calm and late ;
Home seems a little nearer
While waiting at the gate !

We stood by the dear old flag, mother,
When dangers thick and fast
Each moment gathered round it,
Stood by it *till the last!*
And the thought brings joy and comfort,
For the *right* I bear this pain,
Let it soothe thee, 'mid thine anguish,
If we meet not here again.

Want and suffering have wrought changes,
You would scarcely know your boy ;
But in Heaven you will know me,
Naught shall *there* our peace destroy.
Farewell, mother ! something tells me
That on earth no more I wait,
But for thee I'll keep my vigils,
Waiting at the pearly gate !

That silver star burned pale and dim
In the light of early morn,
But he who watched its evening ray
To a brighter realm was borne.
Ah, how many 'round lonely hearthstones
Watch for dear ones early and late,
How many sad eyes gaze southward,
Vainly waiting at the gate !

THE WHETTING OF THE SCYTHE.

THE mowers with their scythes so bright
Are all afield to-day,
Where grassy billows rise and fall
As light winds o'er them play ;
Where buttercups and daisies nod,
Sweet clovers smile between,
And butterflies play hide and seek
Behind the flowery screen.
Where lilies gleam in gold and red,
Arrayed so gorgeously,
That all the humbler meadow flowers
Lift high their heads to see ;
While the blue berry modestly
Bends with its treasures low,
In mimic clusters of the grape,
Where tenderest grasses grow.

The cricket chirps his cheery note,
The bee with drowsy hum
Flits here and there, from flower to flower,
A fickle lover, come
In velvet suit of gold and black,
And foppish airs so gay,
Sipping the sweets wherever found,
A moment—then away !
The bobolink his roundelay
Is warbling o'er and o'er ;
The meadow lark in Quaker gray
Pipes from his leafy bower ;
The mother robin's anxious call
Sounds from the maple nigh,
As with low wing she tries to teach
Her half-fledged brood to fly.
The little wren with matron air
Sits on her tiny nest,
Or gossips with her neighboring wrens
While for the worm in quest ;
The circling swallows cleave the air,
Their morning labors done,

Their graceful wings like polished jet,
  Bright gleaming in the sun !
While humming-bird, with easy poise,
  And long and slender bill,
Coquets among the meadow belles,
  And takes his choice at will ;
Decked in the royal, mingled dyes,
  Of purple, blue, and green,
That each fair beauty has a smile
  For *him* is clearly seen !
Upon the breezy, morning air,
  Fragrant with new-mown hay,
There comes a music far more sweet
  Than e'er from palace gay
Arose, where haughty courtiers bowed,
  And fair forms floated lithe,
'Tis made by nature's noblemen,
  The whetting of the scythe !

Maggie upon the casement leans,
  Her eyes of hazel brown
Resting with dreamy gaze upon
  The meadows sloping down ;

Old Brindle's milk but half is strained,
Unskimmed is all the cream,
While Dottie's calf is not yet fed,
Or ducks let to the stream ;
From her low window she can see
The mowers as they go,
The easy skill with which they lay
The grassy billows low ;
A graceful form moves with them there
On which her eye will still
Delight to linger most of all,
Her handsome, gallant Will !
And though his dark eye seems to rest
Intent upon the hay,
She knows his *heart* turns evermore
With lingering gaze *this* way !
With noble mien, and waving locks
That deck a princely brow,
With heart as pure, and lips as true
As e'er breathed lover's vow ;

With spirit ever brave and kind,
  Yet mirthful oft, and blithe,
What wonder that she loves to hear
  The whetting of *his* scythe!

Dream on 'neath summer skies and sounds,
  Oh, fair-faced Maggie Dean!
Thy heart will ne'er know less of care
  Than bears it now, I ween:
And so while fall the lilies gay,
  Beneath the steel so bright,
The clovers, and the buttercups,
  And meek-eyed daises white,
May hope's sweet bud within the heart
  Enfold for perfect bloom,
Till bright as palace halls shall seem
  Thy humble, cottage home,
And music else to thy maiden ears
  Of *this* seems but a tithe,—
That melody from meadows gay,
  The whetting of *his* scythe!

AUTUMN.

WHENCE, and whither, peerless queen,
With thy courtly, stately mien,
And thy flowing auburn hair
Circled by a chaplet rare?
Say, bright spirit, dost thou come,
From some distant mountain home,
Or lone isle
Beyond the seas?
Cam'st thou with
The evening breeze,—
Or did the soft ray of morn
Guide thee to our far-off bourne?

Summer fair hath gone to rest,
Gently to thy bosom pressed,
Breathed the last, her farewell sigh,
Calmly closed her soft blue eye,

And the golden tresses thou
Parted from her pallid brow,
Laid her in
The cold grave deep,
Ne'er to waken
From her sleep ;
From thy gentle sister's bier,
With light tread thou hastest here !

Yet we thought not summer gone
Till we heard thy dirge-like moan,
And thy mornful harp all strung,
Breathing a low requiem ;
'Twas one lone, yet beauteous eve,
And the giant, weird old trees
Raised their branches
Green, and high,
Whispering waved,
"Spirit, good-bye ! "
'Neath my window swept the sound
Borne from vale and forest round,—

And I sorrowing, turned away,
For we loved her gentle sway !
Autumn, stay thy hand, nor crave
The frail blossoms that she gave ;
Her sweet warblers exile not
To some foreign isle's retreat !
Paint the woodland
Wild and gay,
Tint the clouds
All gorgeously,
Yet, O Autumn, do not crave
These mementos Summer gave!

UNDER THE SNOW.

WITH jewels earth's bosom is gleaming
In the moonlight cold, and clear,
Earth all robed for the bridal,
For she weddeth the glad New Year!
Calm, majestic, and lovely,
With an air of queenly pride,
As she waiteth the bridegroom's coming,
Is the radiant, peerless bride.

And I sit in the mystic shadows
That like phantoms come and go,
Musing o'er buried treasures
Lying silent under the snow;
Forms and brows of beauty,
Ringlets of golden hair,
Pale hands folded so restful
O'er hearts unburdened by care;

Unheeding the storms above them,
Life's toil and conflict done,
Its hopes and its fears all ended,
Victory lost, or won!
Age, and youth, and childhood,
The loved of the long ago,
Waiting the promised summons
Calmly under the snow.

O'er glen, and by crystal streamlets
That have long forgotten to flow,
Who knoweth what myriads of flowerets
In their mossy beds lie low,
Only waiting the genial sunshine,
The dew, and the gentle rain,
And voice of the woodland songster
To call them forth again?

Ah, there's many a heart that's hidden
Like summer's waiting flowers,
'Neath cold reserve and darkness,
In this winter world of ours,

Only waiting hope's kind beaming,
  Affection's genial glow,
To waken to life and beauty,
  What now lies—*under the snow!*

WEAVINGS.

FROM pale morn, till twilight gray
Blendeth shadows on the lea,
Toils the weaver wearily,
'Mid the turmoil, and the din
Of those high, close walls within;
In, and out,
The shuttle flies,
Thread by thread
Inwoven lies,
Till the beauteous fabric seems
Magic wrought of fairy hands!

Springtime weaves her web of green,
Summer links gay flowers between,
Autumn mingles threads of sheen,

Crimson shades
Of gorgeous dye,
Blending in
Strange harmony ;
Winter weaves with visage sear,
A shroud to robe the dying year.

Weavers are we,—weavers all!
Never ceasing from our toil,
Time, the warp, that magical
With the woof
Of hours and days
Mingleth in
A varied maze,
As the passing years succeed
On life's tissue far and wide.

With what inwrought mystery
Each design blends harmony!
And full oft we wonder why
Sombre shades
E'er intervene,

All the loveliest
Tints between !
Heeding not that shadows e'er
Make the light more bright appear.

Friendship, hope, and loving deed,—
Gold and silver threads inlaid,
Whose bright lustre ne'er shall fade ;
And it matters not how dark
Be the background of our work,
Whether morning,
Eve, or noon,
Tells life's wondrous
Fabric done,
Or with smiles, or tears we toil,
Be it only woven well !

THE UNSEEN.

AS sitting in the twilight shadows dim,
I turn with pensive thought life's volume o'er,
And linger on its pages, one by one,
Fraught with such varied charm, and magic power,
Where mingling shade and sheen,
So strangely intervene,
There comes to me the thought I cannot waive,
Or banish, like a gentle spirit's tone—
An ever-hovering presence all unseen,
A sweet assurance that I'm not alone!

When, at the holy midnight's solemn hour
The weary world is wrapped in peaceful sleep,
And like a heavenly dream, sweet silence rests
O'er city's towering spires and ocean deep,
And each unslumbering star
Keeps watch from fields afar;

From yon unfathomed depths there floats to me
Companionship; and distance seems to lend
An unseen ladder, o'er whose golden rounds
The white-winged angels evermore descend.

The cool night breeze flits through my lattice pane,
Bearing the odors of a thousand blooms!
Was that *her* silken curl that swept my cheek?
Whose voice familiar to my spirit comes
Sweeter than music's tone
Saying, "Thou'rt not alone,
We bear thee escort all the weary way?'
Searching with eager gaze the darkness far;
Stretching the arms to clasp a viewless form;
Nothing but shadows! Clasping empty air!

Oft on the busy street with thoughtless tread,
Or 'mid the surging, thronging multitude,
A stranger, 'mid the strangers that surround,
Where most of all is deepest solitude,
A well-known voice I hear,
Whispering, "*I am here!*"

And oftentimes a presence seems so near,
We list to catch the footsteps as of old,
And seems to glide in mine with loving clasp
A hand that long hath been so still and cold.

We cannot hear their footfalls' gentle tread,
Or the soft rustle of their garments' flow ;
We cannot see their angel faces lit
With heavenly halo, yet we only know
'Mid every smile and tear,
Sweet sympathy is near,
And when this mortal vail is rent in twain,
And dawns the vision of the glorified,
Then shall we see with recognizing eyes,
They who walked with us ever, side by side !

THE UNKNOWN.

UPON an unknown sea our barks are sailing—
A deep, unfathomed sea, a restless tide;
With sails set to the varying breezes, toiling,
We at the laboring helm our barges guide;
Sometimes the gentlest zephyrs kindly favor,
And o'er the waters smooth we calmly glide,
Anon the roaring tempest wildly rageth,
And threatening billows frown on every side,
Out on an unknown sea!

Upon this unknown sea our barks in sailing
Meet other barks bound for some distant clime,
A signal hailing, greeting, and we sever,
For none may tarry on the waves of Time;
And thus, with storms and sunshine, farewells, greetings,

We sail forever on, nor toil resign,
Marking life's sun farther, and farther westward,
Beneath the foaming surges slow decline,
Out on an unknown sea!

Upon an unknown sea our barks are sailing!
No! not unknown sea, for One beside
Us stands, who giveth a true chart, and compass,
That through the threatening breakers safely guide,
And when the tempests loud are wildly raging,
And anxious fears the fainting spirit thrill,
We look to Him, by faith that strong hand grasping,
And to the waves a voice says, "*Peace—be still!*"
Oh Saviour, ever bless us with thy presence,
That we may reach that haven, where no more
We know the tempest's power, the fears, the doubtings,
That round us gather all the journey o'er
Life's surging, troubled sea!

DEAD.

WHAT is it to be dead?
To lie so calm, and still,—
So undisturbed, so mute, so deaf,
So passionless, so cold and chill,
That friendship's voice or love's soft tone
The heart can never thrill?

To bid adieu to earth,
To leave a vacant chair,
A silent chord in music's tone,
Whispering mementos everywhere,—
A voiceless anguish in the hearts most loved
That ever lingereth there?

What is it to be dead?
Oh, solemn mystery!

Oh, awful change that waiteth all
With Fate's mute prophecy!
I can't divine thee, thou unknown!
Stern Death, what art thou? Say?

A voice comes stealing soft
As the fragrant breath of even,
"If all thy trust in God be stayed,
A *rest* to the weary given;
A *sleep*, to dream of Paradise;
A passport home—to Heaven!"

THE STORM KING.

THE Storm King rideth forth to-night
Clad in his panoply of war,
His rumbling chariot-wheels I hear,—
The flashing eye of his fiery steed,
I see from the cloudy plains afar!

On, on, he comes, with regal power
Like an armed legion driven,
While the pearly dust, like the dew of even,
Woke by the feet of his flying steed,
Falls from the battlements of heaven!

Earth trembles at his near approach,
The mountains shudder in their dread,
The forest bows in awe its head;
Old Neptune, frowning in his rage,
Riseth to meet him from his coral bed.

The strong oak of a century
Imploring throws its arms to heaven ;
While the pale lily, tearful riven,
Lays to the ground its lovely head,
As if the pure thing prayed to be forgiven.

Within its cradle nest the oriole,
Rocked fiercely by his sweeping breath,
Sits trusting, while the eagle safe,
Looks down derisive on his power,
Far o'er the clouds that threaten blight and death.

Oh, Storm King ! as with regal might
Thou goest e'er from shore to shore,
Speak to the heart of man, to adore
Him who hath sent thee on thy way,
And bid them love, revere Him evermore.

Oh, land o'er which the bloody storm
Of war hath swept wildly and free,
Thine eagle soareth now o'er clouds afar,
Where smiles the bow of Peace, and bathes
Its wings in the pure light of Liberty !

THE EARLY BIRD.

FAST fall the flakes of downy snow,
Veiling the light of the bright blue sky,
Wildly the bleak winds moan as they go,
Piling their phantom castles high,
While from the top of yon leafless tree
Floateth a plaintive song to me.

Ah, why so sad thy tone, sweet bird,
Sitting alone on yon branch so bare?
My heart with sympathy hath been stirred
By that wailing sound, thy grief to share?
Dost thou lament thine early flight
O'er distant seas from woodlands bright?

Dost thou mourn that the balmy air
Lured thee on to our fickle clime,

Then left thee to stern winter's care
A homeless waif in thy stranger time?
Oh, hush, bird, hush! I cannot bear
That sorrowing plaint of thine to hear!

Knowest thou not that under the snow
Are violets sleeping, and lilies fair,
And paths where the murmuring streams shall go,
Only waiting the sunlight there?
That the skies above the clouds are as blue
As the beauteous tint of thy bright wing's hue?

That the leafy spray in the warm sunbeams
Shall gently rock thy downy nest,
Where berries red 'mid dark leaves gleam?
Then cheer thee, bird, from thy mourning rest,—
For down the winter's snowy aisles
A radiant summer waiting smiles!

Ah, life hath its winter, too, sweet bird,
Its chilling blast, and leafless tree;

But He who for us each hath cared
Hath a sunnier clime, and by and by
I will take my flight o'er the silent sea,
To that Summer of Souls prepared for me.

RECOGNITION.

YES, I shall meet them there,
Nor fail to recognize,
Mary, with her deep blue eyes,
And wealth of golden hair !

Ernest, with noble brow,
And locks of waving jet—
Willie, our household pet—
Methinks I see them now !

She who first led the way
Of all our joyous band,
To that far, shadowy land
In yonder realm of day ;

He, the true-hearted, brave,
Who at his country's call
Upon her shrine laid all,
Her honor bright to save ;

And one—our joy and pride—
Link in the chain of love,
Binding our hearts above—
"*The little boy that died.*"

Two green graves side by side
Within the homestead's shade ;
The other's rest is made
Where Southern waters glide.

Though severed *here*, we know
That *there* their spirits blend,
Where never, friend for friend,
The sorrowing tear shall flow.

And I shall know each face
Of dear ones gone before,
From all the angel choir,
And each remembered voice.

Ye, whose it is to keep
  Vigils by night and day
  O'er all the varied way
Of us who toil and weep ;

Toiling 'mid joy or pain,
  Through valleys lone and deep,
  Up highlands wild and steep,
Our Father's house to gain ;

For us keep watch, and wait,
  From your bright starry home ;
  We soon, yes, *soon* shall come,
Oh, meet us at the gate !

ÉTOILE DE LA MER.

"On a high promontory in the old town of Honfleur stands the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grace. It is here that prayers are put up by mariners previous to their voyages, and by their friends during their absence. Over the portal is an image of the Virgin and Child, with the following inscription: "Étoile de la mer, priez pour nous."—IRVING'S *Bracebridge Hall.*

LIGHT dance the crested billows
Over the watery plain,
Soft swell the fragrant breezes
Wafted o'er woodland and main;
Gently the white sail beckons—
Beckons impatient for me—
Country, home, loved ones, we sever!
Pray for us, Star of the Sea!

Many a day shall vanish,
Many a moon shall wane,
Many a June her roses
Strew, and gather again,

Change o'er all her edict
  Write, ere we gaze on thee—
Death still spread his dark pinions;
  Pray for us, Star of the Sea!

Onward, we steer our vessel,
  'Neath us lie jewels rare,
Gems which nymphs and naiads
  Twine 'mid their flowing hair;
Onward where roameth the storm king,
  Sporting wildly and free;
Lest his deep coral bed be our pillow,
  Pray for us, Star of the Sea!

LIFE'S BRAVURAS.

THERE are sacraments that wait us
All along life's dewy vale,
Sacred gifts that cheer and brighten,
Guarded as the Holy Grail,—
Pure, as aught of earth, or human,—
Almost human—half divine,
Vanishing if hand unsanctioned
Seeks to take them from their shrine.

There are altars that are waiting
For the coming of our feet,—
Altars that a cheerful Duty
With her offerings hastes to greet;
Others, where the sacrifices
Must be laid, when each appears,
Though the holocaust be sprinkled,
With life-blood, or bitter tears!

There are crosses that are waiting
For our hands to take and bear,
And their shadow sometimes falleth
O'er us, e'er that cross we near ;
Light or heavy, we must bear them,
Whether weak, or whether strong,
Till we reach the rolling river,—
Though the way be short, or long.

Life's Gethsemanes, beyond us,
Wait with prayers, and watchings lone,—
"Let this cup pass from me, Father ;—
Not *my* will, but *Thine* be done ;"
Sacred sorrow of the spirit,
Where no human aid can come,
And the ear of Heaven seems heavy ;
"Absalom ! oh, Absalom !"

Yet we pass not all unnoted
'Mid the sacrifice and pain,—
With each cross, and heavy burden,
Ever comes a sweet refrain ;

Ah, we go not unattended
Where the cypress branches wave,
For a voice amid the shadows
Cheering sings,—"Oh, heart, be brave!"

And our spirits catch the echo
Of that sweet bravura's tone,
Sung by viewless guardians round us,
As we tread the valley lone,—
And renewing hope and courage,
By the cheer that presence gave,
Though but faltering the accents,
Oft respond—"Oh, heart, be brave!"

Nothing lost;—but only taken
From our loving care awhile;
Not in vain one cross or burden;
For each earthly tear—a smile;
For each sacrifice—rejoicing,
Just beyond the silent wave,—
Therefore sing thine own bravuras
Weary heart;—Be *brave!* be *brave!*

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

PATTER, patter on the roof,
Tinkle, tinkle overhead,
Patter and tinkle with musical rhythm
Like some fairy footfall's tread ;

Fairy footfalls, lightly falling
With a monotone so low,
Waking echoes that have slumbered
'Mid the halls of long ago.

And around my sleepless pillow
Thronging memories flitting come,
And the midnight darkness lightens,—
Lightens all my chamber's gloom

With the radiant faces round me,
While there comes a sweet refrain
Blending with the silent darkness,
And the falling of the rain ;

'Tis my mother's voice that's singing ;
And the cradle that is hid
By the rubbish in yon attic,
Is again my lowly bed ;

Is again my world's horizon,
And the sweet face beaming o'er,
Shining through the misty shadows
Of the long years' corridor,

Is once more in all its beauty,
Of my little world the sun,
As my mother sits beside me,
Crowned with all that time hath won !

"*Sleep, my dear, lie still and slumber,*"
Thrills like lute tones gently played,
With the melody uprising,
"*Holy angels guard thy bed ;*"

And I close my eyes serenely,
Soothed each pain, and childish woe,
"*Heavenly blessings without number,*"
Falls with accents sweet and low,

While the rising cadence closes,
"*Gently falling on thy head;*"
Listening with eager wonder
Of the Saviour's infant bed,

As the cradle hymn continues
With its sweet and touching lay,
"*How his birthplace was a manger,*
And his softest bed was hay."

And there steals upon my spirit
Such surcease from life's stern toil,
Such sweet rest from all its labors,
From its din, and wild turmoil—

Wearied with its anxious strivings,
With its sacrifice and pain,
With its crosses and its losses,
And its hopes, so sadly vain—

Such relief as heart and spirit
Have in years agone not known,
Such pure joy again in trusting
With a childish heart alone!

Slowly I unclose my eyelids,
By that voice my vision led,
Darkness reigns within my chamber,
And the face and song have fled;

But the rain is softly falling
O'er yon mound so sacred kept,
On the green roof 'neath whose silence
Voice and face so long have slept.

A FRAGMENT.

AH, if at last for us some noble deed
On the Recording Angel's archives stand,
And our tired, pilgrim feet shall safely pass
The peaceful borders of the Better Land,
Though 'mid temptations, crosses, toil, and pain,
The way we trod,—*we have not lived in vain!*

VIGILS.

WHILE other eyes are sleeping,
And other forms at rest,—
While other visions peaceful,
With blissful visions blessed,—
All through the long night weary,
With loving, anxious care,
The mother o'er her loved one bends,
Nor thinks of slumbering there.

Though fever-tossed, he heedeth,
Nor feels the fond caress,—
Nor seeth o'er his suffering couch
That patient, gentle face,—
Yet through the long night weary
With loving, tender care,
Though all unknown, unheeded,
That watchful eye is there.

Tossed wildly, and in sorrow
Through life's brief fevered dream,
We grasp at joys and find them
Delusion's wily gleam ;
With darkness round, and o'er us,
We may not see the eye
"That sleepeth not nor slumbereth,"
Bent on us pityingly ;—

We may not feel the presence
Of a mighty hand, and true,
That leadeth and upholdeth
All the long journey through ;—
Yet though invisible, unfelt,
That watchful eye is e'er
Keeping its ceaseless vigils
O'er all our sorrows here ;

And when the morning dawneth,
And forever from our eyes
This mortal vail is taken,
We shall "see Him as He is ;"

We shall know why heavy laden
Earth's thorny path we trod,
And rejoice, forever dwelling
In the glorious light of God.

THE BLUE VIOLET.

HAIL to thee, beauteous blossom !
Thus early, and hither again ?
The snow is yet white on the hill-tops,
The breezes blow chill o'er the plain,
The Crocus has scarce oped her petals,—
The Snowdrop just forth from her tomb,
The trailing Arbutus half wakened,
I thought not to see thee so soon !

Who tinted thine eye, gentle flower,
Blue, blue as the ether above ?
Why linger there sorrowing tear-drops,—
Weepest thou for the sunbeams of love ?
Though earth be cold and darksome,
Thy dwelling-place lonely and drear,
Look up,—look up to the heavens,—
Light and beauty are smiling there !

Thou speakest in silent language
To my heart, fair blossom, to-day,
Of one that in early springtime
Like thee passed from earth away;
Like thine, her eye's mild beaming,
Whose radiance seemed from above,
Like thine, her brief life cheered us,—
Fragrant with gentle love.

Thou art dearer to me, frail blossom,
Than any of all thy race,
Thou teachest a lesson of meekness,
Patience, and faithfulness;
And when at last I slumber,
Nor marble urn, nor stone
Be reared, but come, thou floweret,
And mark the spot alone.

AGNES ALLEN.

AGNES ALLEN one Summer's morn
Sat at the lowly cottage door,
Braiding the plaits of tinted straw
In the shade of the rose-vine arching o'er.
Over and under, in and out,
Strand by strand, were they interlaid,
At the snowy fingers' magic touch,
As thought was weaving its light and shade.

Down the lowland's gentle slope,
The river wound its silver strand,
Where the white sail of the fisherman's barge,
Beckoned and waved like a phantom hand.
Heather and thyme from hill and vale,
Bowed their heads to the soft June air,
While singing birds and insects gay,
Flitted in gladness everywhere.

Never was hand more faultless formed,
Never was face more faultless fair,
Than Agnes Allen's—the fisherman's maid—
As she sat 'neath the rose-vine trellis there;
But a shadow stole o'er the sunny brow,
Through the drooping lashes, a tear's soft gleam,
While a sigh the silence of musings broke,
Like the stifled sob through a troubled dream.

'Ah, why should I toil from morn till eve,
Day by day," she sorrowing said,
'Would that He, who poverty gave,
The wealth of the Countess had given instead."
The beauty faded from river and glen,
Lost in the gloom of that murmuring thought,
And the wild bird's carol was drowned that day
By the strain which discontent had taught.

The Countess passed, as she rode that morn
In her stately chaise, the fisherman's cot, —
And from her window a scene she saw
'Neath the vine-arched door, which was ne'er forgot.
"Ah, all my wealth, my fame and ease,
Would I freely give," —in her heart she said, —
"Had I but a tithe of the matchless grace,
The peerless beauty of that fair maid!"

Over and under—in and out—
Golden stranded, or sombre hued,
Be life's wondrous tissue wove,
Or ever through smiles, or tears be viewed;
Yet still that olden song we sing, —
Old as Eden, but ever new, —
"Oh that I had!" is the wild refrain,
Of each throbbing heart, till its throbs are through.

INDIAN SUMMER.

WITH a milder, softer azure
Beam the ether depths above,
Where all day the sailing cloudlets
Like frail barges silent move,—
While afar, where the horizon
Blendeth with the mountains bright,
Fleets of argosies seem anchored,
In a sea of golden light.

Like a dream, o'er vale and woodland
Resteth now the silvery haze,—
Hushed, the bird notes from their borders,—
Withered, dead, the flowery maze,
And the purling streamlet murmurs
Tenderly its low refrain,—
As though lulling wearied nature
To her long, deep, slumbering.

Musing in the rustling forest
With the dry leaves scattered round,
From its height anon one saileth
Past one with a spirit sound;
Soft airs from the glen are wafted;
From the verdant, tasseled pine,
Low, mysterious sighs and sobbings,—
Whispered voices half-divine.

Indian Summer! How like magic
Memories cluster at the name!
Memories of a race long blighted,
Of a wild, yet princely fame.
Fancy views the lowly wigwam,—
Dark-eyed maidens of rare charms,—
Sable chieftains in grave council,—
Dusky warriors clad in arms!

Dreamy days of waning Autumn,—
Loveliest, saddest of the year!
Many a lesson, mystic poem,
Read we from thy leaves so sere,—

Though life's June e'er soon is vanished
As glad music's answering thrill,—
Yet may round its drear November
Light and beauty linger still.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHY dost thou sing 'neath my window to-night,
Oh, ominous songster thy plaintive strain ?
All other warblers' notes are hushed,
Why echoes the midnight thy sad refrain,
Whip-poor-will ?

Like a spirit-presence the moon's pale light
Is resting o'er forest, hill and dale,
And naught the solemn stillness breaks
Save the repetend of thy ceaseless wail,
Whip-poor-will !

Gentle and soft is thy carol now,
As the last fond note of the brooding dove,
Then louder and faster the numbers flow,
As if with thy sad tale our hearts thou would'st move,
Whip-poor-will.

I am keeping weary vigils to-night,
Midnight vigils, sad, and lone,
With naught to burden the solemn hour,
Save the echoing plaint of thy monotone,
Whip-poor-will.

'Neath the folds of the snowy drapery
Lieth the form so still and cold;
O'er the silent heart the white hands rest,
O'er the pallid brow wave tresses of gold;

But the waxen lid droops heavily now
O'er the matchless blue of the beautiful eye,
And the lips once ruby, are ashen and pale,
Nevermore will they smile, nevermore will they sigh.

Watching with death! Alas for the hour!
Where—where art thou now, oh, gentle friend?
Which of yon bright stars is thy spirit-home?
Dost thou know of my vigils, and thy presence lend?

Ere the morrow wanes, oh, beautiful clay,
They will lay thee low in thy narrow bed,
There oft will the night-bird sing his dirge,
And flowers their sweetest fragrance shed.

Cease, cease thy lament, oh, sorrowing bird,
Go fold thy wing in thy downy nest,
For weary hands, and weary heart,
And weary spirit, are for e'er at rest!

WHY NOT?

WHY not bravely meet the duties
That around our pathway lie?
Buckle on the waiting armor
With firm hand, unshrinkingly,
When the wrong so boldly triumphs
O'er the right, the good and true,
And there wait for us the labors
Which no other hand can do?

Why not thrust the sharpened sickle,
When the fields of golden grain
Wait the reaper's tardy coming
On the world's wide harvest plain?
Shall "The Master's" garner languish
While we heedless idle here,
With so many sheaves ungathered,
And the noontide drawing near?

Why not raise a fallen brother,
Sinking in sin's vortex wide,
When the multitude unpitying,
Pass him on the "*other side*,"
Or with scorn, or jest upbraid him
With his folly, or his sin?
Why not bind the wounded spirit,
Pour the "oil of joy" within?

Why not? Ah, could we discover
In the far beyond that lies
Now concealed from mortal vision,
All the sacred ministries
We might give to other spirits,
All the hope, the faith, the joy,
All the gold of souls most precious
We might save from sin's alloy.

With one view but to inspire us
With the truth,—what "*might have been*"—
Seeing with the undimmed vision
Of eternity, as *then*,—

How our eager feet would hasten
To perform life's every vow,
Soothe and comfort, raise and strengthen,
Toil in love! Ah! why not *now*?

THE DRUMMER BOY.

'TWAS the bugle's dulcet numbers
That woke the early morn,
And o'er to the hill-side cottage
On the soft, June air were borne:
"Good-bye, my darling Willie,
God keep thee, oh, my son!
To Him, and to my country,
I give thee—my only one!"

"Don't weep when I am gone, mother,
The thought will give me pain;
He can protect me safely,
I shall soon come back again!"
And the little form looked manly
As it took its stationed place
In line with the stalwart soldiers,
With its innocent, childish face;

But tear-dimmed eyes watched sadly
At the little garden gate,
Till the folds of the streaming banner,
And gleam of the bayonet,
Were lost in the far-off distance,
With the drum's low, measured beat.

* * * * *

All day had the bright sun striven
To lighten the war-cloud's dun ;
All day had the soft air echoed
The boom of the heavy gun,—
The roar of the wide-mouthed cannon,—
The roll of the martial drum,—
And tread of the mighty legion,
As the strife went raging on.

'Tis eve on the plains of Shiloh,
The victor's bay is won,
And the moon turns pale as she gazeth
On the ravage war hath done !

Drenched is the green turf over,
And o'er, with the life-tide red;
Ghastly the upturned faces
In the light which her mild beams shed!
While the sad night winds go sighing,
With light and reverent tread,
Round the grassy couch of the dying,
And lowly slumbering dead.

They lift the sunny ringlets,
Wet with the chilling dew,
From the fair, white brow of Willie,
On the green turf pillowed low;
No soothing hand to comfort,
None to list the last faint moan,
Save the moon, that with ceaseless vigils,
Looks kindly, pityingly down.
The dark blue eyes close weary
With a sigh, as of slumber deep,
And the pale lips sweetly murmur,
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"

The little prayer is ended,
  While a gleam of heavenly light
Illumes the childish features,
  As he whispers, "*Mother—good-night!*"

Morn smiled from her rosy chambers,
  O'er mount and valley fair,
As though earth were still an Eden—
  And she saw him lying there,
With little hands clasped prayerful,
  Like a marble statue rare;
But he felt not the fragrant breezes,
  Heard not the wild bird's song,
For the name of Willie was numbered
  Above, with the angel throng.

ROWING.

DOWN by the river's sedgy bank
Where the lilies white on their long stems float,
And the willows dip their streaming locks,
Paul, and Maude, in their light-oared boat
Gayly glide o'er the water's sheen,
Swift as the plash of the rapid oar
Drips with musical gems so rare,
While their backward track on the surface lies
In eddying waves like a maiden's hair.

Merrily laughing, on they go,
Past the alders and maple grove,
Down where the ferns and laurel fringe
The shaded banks of a sylvan cove;

Down where the gray and wave-worn rocks
Spread their carpet of velvet green,
And the weird old elms stretched their sheltering arms
Flecked with the sunset's glint between.

On the topmost bough the squirrel blinks,
Chatters, and whisks his bushy tail,
Sits erect on his haunches gray,
Then leaps down the old trunk's coat of mail.
Swinging from yonder osier branch,
The bobolink warbles his roundelay,
Peers through the clump of leafy screen,
Then cocks his head in a knowing way;
"*Bob*-o-link, *bob*-o-link, *sphink*, sphank, *sphink*,
They're *really lovers*, I'm *bound* to think!"

Then poising his body, he spreads his wings,
And away to his nest with his young ones four!
While all the woodland's altar gifts,
His musical chalice pouring o'er.

Up from the water's glassy depths,
The timid minnows leap in play,
And the speckled trout dart slyly out
From their hidden nooks 'neath the old rocks gray.

The ripples beckon with waving hands,
The lilies nod their sweet consent,
So floating on in the twilight dim,
Dreamily drifting the light boat went;
'Twere wondrously pleasant to float with the tide,
Enchantingly magical! one would deem,
And that, like the Lethean wave of old,
Forgetfulness blent with the mystic stream!

For the two that lingered with voices low,
Took no note of the fleeting time,
Till the echoing tone from the distant tower
Pealed so faintly its warning chime;
But I cannot say what the theme so long,
What the replies, or the charming spell,
For since the bobolink flew away,
There was no one lingering near to tell;—

For the squirrel did not wake to list,
He slept in his nest of twigs so high,
And the whip-poor-will sang so long that night,
He could not into their secret pry ;
While the old trees firm in their strong will stood,
Keeping whatever they knew full well,
Nodding knowingly each to each,
The whispering leaves forbore to tell.

But the moon looked smilingly down on the two
As they slowly sauntered their homeward way,
For a new light beamed in the face of each,
Such as she had not seen in many a day ;—
So what was said, must a mystery be,
Since efforts to fathom have proven so vain,—
But I wouldn't wonder, if, (twixt you and me,)
'Twere "the old, old story" over again !

THE TOLLING BELL.

HARK! how they break on the wintry air,—
Those undulating waves,—
As they sob, and moan, with a monotone
That tells of a world of graves!
How they tremble, and sigh, then in distance die,
As the wild blast hurries on;
Like some wailing spirit on wearied wing,
They pass, and for aye are gone.
Toll,—toll,—toll,—
For the vanished soul
Freed from earth's sorrow and sin,
While the golden bells of the city of God
Are ringing its welcome in!

Years of innocence, love, and joy,
Ambition, hope, and care,—
Years of toil, temptation, and tears,
Of penitence, pain, and prayer,—
All are o'er! Fold the hands o'er the pulseless breas
Smooth the locks o'er that brow so cold;
Another slumberer, mother earth,
In thy silent embrace enfold.
Enraptured soul,—
Thou hast reached thy goal;
Freed from earth's sorrow and sin,
The pearly gates of the city of God
Are opened to welcome thee in!

Toll,—toll,—toll! How the vibrations roll
O'er mount, and vale, and main,
Thrilling the soul with a solemn awe
As it echoes the sad refrain,—
"Gone are beauty, loveliness, worth,
Gone evermore,"—they say,
"Yet round the radiant throne above,
They shine with a purer ray."

Oh, deep-toned bell, with thy mournful knell,
Cease ye to toll
The vanished soul,
For, freed from all sorrow and sin,
The golden bells of the city of God
Are ringing its welcome in!

NOT YET.

SOME trembling tokens of the coming morn,
Some purpling tints along the eastern hills
May cheer the waiting watcher, pale and lorn,
Yet, ere the day the earth with gladness fills,
Darkness, far deeper than the midnight gloom,
May spread o'er all its shadows like a tomb,—
And that faint ray prove but the eve star lone,
Telling the weary night hath scarce begun!

We scan with anxious heart and eager eye,
The dim horizon's verge in distance pale,
To catch the glimpse of hopes that may be nigh,—
The glint and glimmer of a coming sail;
While ice-bound on some dreary Arctic sea,
Mastless, and sailorless, our ship may be,
Or, o'er its freight may drift the Tropic sand,
All wrecked and shattered on a foreign strand!

We sow with care and toil the precious seed,
And heaven waters oft with dewy tears ;
The sun for many a day its warmth must shed,
Ere from the soil the tiny shoot appears ;
In Summer airs its wealth is waving long,
E'er yet we hear the reaper's cheery song,—
Thus many a moon must wax, and slowly wane,
Before we garner up our golden grain.

The worm may blight the choicest, tenderest bud,
The sweetest songsters from our branches flee,
And bid us wait another nestling's brood ;
Long years may roll, ere blooms the Aloe tree ;
Along life's trembling wires we seem to hear
The clinking tokens of a message near,
But the soul's answer, for which most it prayed,
May, till we pass heaven's golden gate, be stayed.

Though by blind Fate the way oft seems concealed,
And slight the tokens 'twixt the ill and good,—
God's providences here so slow revealed,
So feebly grasped, so dimly understood,—

Yet still we know on love's electric chain,
No message lost, no plea is sent in vain ;
And though not yet His answer may appear,
There, shall we gain the good we failed of here.

EVANGELINE.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.)

AH, not alone to sentient, living things,
Is given the magic power, the sweet control
To sway our inner lives, and mold fore'er
The deep and hidden purpose of the soul;
For we may read a kindred sympathy
In the cold marble's chiseled features traced,
Mute canvas breathe a language which the gift
Of speech to living lips hath ne'er expressed:

Mute canvas,—thou to me canst never be,—
For naught the fantasy can e'er dispel;
A spirit looketh through those eyes of thine,
And to my questioning heart replies,—"'Tis well;"

Yes,—*well* to patient bear the seeming ill,
To trust the guidance of a Father's hand,
Though long, and wearisome, the way appear
That leads through night, up to the morning land.

I'll place thee on the wall,—the sacred wall,—
Of the soul's inner temple, and should care,
Or sorrow o'er my way their shadows cast,
And far o'erspread the skies that erst were fair,
That look of touching sadness, chastened grief,
Blended with sweet submission, tried and true,
Shall teach me patience 'mid each woe, and thus,
Cheerful I'll take life's burden up anew.

And I will bear thee o'er the River's tide,
That stream which severs yon bright world from this,
For its dark waves can never more efface
Memory's record; when that world of bliss
I gain, and wondering join the angel throng,
I'll seek until I find a face like thine:
Sure such a face, and *only such an one*
Would answer to the name,—*Evangeline.*

Ah, many an angel walks this earth of ours
With folded wings, and clad in mortal guise,
And many a brow the saintly nimbus decks
With heavenly radiance, had we but the eyes,—
The spirit-intuition to perceive!
Blinded by human wants, and selfish cares,
The world knows not these natives of the skies
Which oft it entertaineth unawares.

THE WINDS.

WINDS of Springtime, merry winds,
Sporting round the mountain's brow,
Flitting through the woodland dim,
O'er the sunny vale below;
Rolling on the great white clouds
Through the depths of ether blue,
Waking many a dimpled smile
On the lakelet slumbering low,—
With music tones as wild and free
As childhood's merry laugh could be.

Winds of Summer, gentle winds,
Breathing through the leafy dell,
Whispering 'mid the tasseled pines
Where the lengthened shadows fall,
Wafting sweets and odors rare,
Gathered through the livelong day,

Loitering by the flowery hedge,
Nook, and streamlet, far away ;
Like a balm from Heaven their flow
To the heated, careworn brow.

Winds of Autumn, sorrowing winds,
Sighing through the russet glen,
Moaning by the withered wood
Many a plaintive requiem,—
Sobbing in the church-yard lone,
Like some mourner for the dead,
That through the long day and night
Ceaseth to be comforted !
Of the year's long anthem-hymn,
Autumn chants the minor strain.

Winds of Winter,—furious winds,—
Rushing down the wild ravine,
Raging o'er the barren heath,
Sweeping Neptune's wide domain ;

Onward e'er an unseen tide,
  Like winged legions clad for war ;
Mountains shudder as they pass,
  Forests bow their heads in awe ;
Type of ruthless spoilers they,
Making strife and blight their way.

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

OH river ever seeking the great sea
Through loveliest vale on which the sun e'er shone !
Beautiful art thou, whether Winter hoar
With crystal girdle circles thy fair zone,
Decking thy grassy banks and arching trees
With bristling tracery of rimy art,
And the crisp air and skater's glistening steel
Quicken the pulse's current to the heart,—
Or, in thy glassy depths reflected lies
The peaceful vision of the summer sky,
Unbroken, save the ripples that are woke
By the light oar, or keel thy waters ply !

Like youth's impetuous spirit uncontrolled,
Thou breakest from thy rural mountain home,
O'erleaping every barrier in thy course,
Afar through untried valley depths to roam ;

Say, river,—did'st thou love the sea so well
That thou could'st thus thy kindred waters leave,
Where tranquilly upon the lake's calm breast
Thy life might pass 'mid shores, where interweave
The verdant branches of the spruce and pine,
Guarding thee ever through the night and day,
So undisturbed, and calm, thy little world,
The greater world and turmoil far away?

Unheeding the tall, whispering sentinels,
The solemn pines, wrapped in their mantles green,
On, on thou fleest, nor once lookest back
To glance upon the beauty of the scene;
Not e'en the gray old rocks, or crowned hills,
Or calm, majestic mountains could thee stay,
Till, wearied with thy haste, and tamed at length,
Thou pauseth in thy course, and loiteringly
Glideth through meadows, sweet with clover-blooms,
And musical with thrill of wild-bird's song,
Laving caressingly the gnarled roots
Of giant oak, and elm, where high among

The leafy branches, the bright oriole
With artist skill his cradle-nest hath hung,
Flitting, a gleam of fire, now here, now there,
His tiny brood by breezes rocked and swung.

So long thou lingerest 'mid these charmed scenes,
Forgotten seems a while the distant sea ;
Thou settest willows all along thy banks,—
Landmarks, to guide thee ever on thy way.
Now widening, deepening, winding ever on,
Two rival guardians rise ! On either side,
Mount Tom, and Holyoke ! pausing, as for choice,
Turning, thou dost between them peaceful glide.

And here, what artist's skill the picture paints !
What poet's pen its beauty e'er can trace !
The eye must see, that the mind revel in
Its wondrous charm, and time can ne'er efface
That scene from Memory's canvas : e'en the waves,—
Those primal waters ere the age of man
That wrought thy hollow vale, rounded its hills,
And graceful curved its undulating rim,—

These must have deemed their handiwork complete,
And gazed upon thee with supreme content,
With folded arms, as other artists gaze,
Empowered above their native element.

Oh beauteous vale, encircled like a gem
Of emerald setting by thy verdant hills,
Hint of our long-lost Eden, we could deem
That in thy peaceful shades life's common ills
Must lighter seem, and an enchantment gain,
And mortal here ne'er mourn his harder lot;
And Rasselas, had he but looked on thee,
Ne'er craved the Happy Valley that he sought!

Connecticut,—"long river,"—the terse name
The dusky savage gave thee; on thy shore
Rose his rude wigwam, sped his arrow's flight,
And the Great Spirit's form thy waters bore;
The Indian maiden mused beside thy banks,
Or, through thy waters rowed her light canoe,
Waving her tresses o'er thy glassy depths
To catch of her fair face a mirrored view.

The wild deer bounded o'er thy grassy slopes,
And reared above thy banks his antlered head ;
The pale-face came ! And like the mists of morn
Before the rising sun, they each have fled !

Flow on, forever on, oh beauteous stream !
Widening and deepening like the waves of life ;
Man cannot stay thee in thy chosen course,
He yields to thee,—his victor,—in the strife ;
Through shade and sunlight, curve with graceful sweep,
Through flowery vales and rocky barriers high,
Past peaceful villas, cities' towering spires,
Past billowy slopes where silent cities lie ;—
Flow on, with blessings on thy crystal tide,
In all thy beauty and thy grandeur free !
Oh river, seeking patiently and long,—
Joy to thy waters,—thou hast found the sea !

THE END.

(TO A. W. B.)

YES, it will come some day, some day,
And I shall fly from this home of clay,
Haste at the Master's bidding word,
Swift as the wing of the uncaged bird
To its downy nest in the tree-top hung,
By the gentlest breezes rocked and swung;
Cleaving the depths of the far blue sky,
On joyous wing I shall upward fly!

Ah, what thoughts will the spirit fill?
What faces greet, what voices thrill?
And who the angel that guideth me
Up through the depths of the ether sea?
Will it be the loved who have left us here,
Or a stranger spirit from yon bright sphere?

Oh, it must be God bids the dear ones come
To guide us up to his heavenly home!

It will come—it will come—the end of life,
With its mingled scenes of peace, and strife;
Its hours of rest, and gainless moil,
Its pain, and care, and loving toil;
Its sunniest hopes, and clouded fears,
Its sweetest smiles, and bitterest tears;
Its brightest tints, and darkest shades,
Its valley depths, and highland glades—

Its grief that lives, and joy that dies,
Its dreams and stern realities;
Its welcome time, and parting hour,
Its sunshine bright, and clouds that lower;
Its purest gold, and worthless dross,
Its richest gain, and direst loss;
Yes, it will come, some day—some day—
And I shall fly from this home away.

Will it be morn, or noontime bright?
Eve, or the holy, calm midnight?

'Mid summer's flowers, or winter's snows?
Spring's soft tints, or autumn's glows?
And who the friend that shall go with me
Down to that verge where my soul is free?
Who shall kiss earth's last adieu,
Latest clasp, as it fades from view?

Who smooth my brow with tearful care,
Sever its lock of treasured hair,
Fold my hands with such soft caress,
O'er the heart so cold in its pulselessness,
Tenderly pillow with flowers my head,
Making so soft my lowly bed
For the night that is come, with its restful sleep,
Its last long slumber, so silent and deep?

Yes, it will come—some day—some day!
Yet it matters not just *when* it shall be;
Where the releasing? *How?* and who
The loved that lingers with last adieu?
Ah, it matters not if our tasks are done,
Life's mission accomplished, its victory won;

Enough to know it will surely be,
And there are duties that wait for me.

So I'll cheerfully walk my appointed way,
Bearing each burden as well as I may,
For it may be that in the brighter sphere
We shall wonder oft why we toiled not here
With more willing hand and earnest heart,
Yielding "The Master" that "better part,"
Why we sighed so oft, and smiled not more,
Why with trembling hands the cross we bore,
With such sweet rest beyond in store!

And when the path seems dark and hard,
Each brighter way so hedged and barred,
With all the landscape seared and brown,
And I each burden fain lay down;—
When I sigh for the dear ones that await
My coming feet, at the pearly gate,
I will oft to my spirit cheeringly say,
"It will surely come, *some day—some day!*"

WAITING FOR ME.

HIGH swell the dark billows above our tall mast,
Loud gathers the tempest, swift hurries the blast,
Wild shrieks the lone sea-bird, hastening home to the shore,
Deep repeats to mid-ocean its mystical lore ;
The thunders may echo again and again,
Nor feared are the wild winds, the waters, nor main,
For a beacon light gleaming afar o'er the sea,
Tells welcome, and loved ones, waiting for me !

On Life's troubled ocean is launched my frail bark
Where the sunlight may gleam, yet the breakers lie dark,
From your isles, southern breezes, oh waft me perfume,
As chill blow the storm winds, and gathers the gloom ;

The tempest may deepen—on, on will I move,
Though no cheering olive, brings back the lone dove,
For a beacon from Heaven's bright portal I see,
Telling welcome, and loved ones, waiting for me!

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

PALE and wan the old year lieth
On his fleecy couch of snow,
While the winds are round him sighing
Requiem dirges for the dying,—
E'er their faithful vigils keeping,
Sadly, while the death shade creeping,
Chills the old year, faint and low.

Midnight at her holy vespers
Kneeleth at this solemn hour,
Interceding for the spirit
Passing to that realm so mystic,
While her lamps on high are lighted
Cheering the lone way benighted
To that dim, mysterious shore.

Fare thee well, old friend, and cherished,
Kind, though fickle, dear old year!
Thou hast brought us many a blessing,
Many a lesson stern impressing,
Many a treasure taken forever;
Yet thy friendship as we sever,
Claims the tribute of a tear.

Softly falls the lingering echo
Of his last expiring moan;
Hark! the bell's deep tones are swelling;
'Tis his knell the silence thrilling!
Ere that sound is lost forever,
Swift wings bring the young successor
Of the old year, dead and gone!

Up into thy radiant visage
Earnest gaze we, glad New Year,—
If perchance life's future phases,
With its labyrinthine mazes,
We might trace in some fair feature,
And elude that sterner teacher,—
Fortune,—oft so dread, severe.

Say, for thou the sceptre bearest,
And the throne is all thine own,
Wilt thou with life's "*Must*" impress us,
And its "*Might have been*" distress us?
Change the beautiful ideal
To the cold unlovely real,
Like the shadowy years agone?

Round thy brow we twine rare garlands
Thy young brow, oh, glad New Year!
Buds of hope, and faith's fair flowers
Wove 'neath fancy's fairy bowers;
When thou givest us back the chaplet,
Will it be with blooming fragrance,
Or a garland dead and sere?

But perchance thou bearest the message
That shall call us hence away;
Be it thus,—oh, be the angel
That shall lead us through that portal
Where the loved ne'er more shall sever,
Joy and beauty dieth never,
In a realm of endless day.

1776—1876.

A HUNDRED winters' snows,
A hundred summers' glows,
A hundred springs like glints of green,
A hundred autumns' tints between
Upon Time's canvas traced,
And lo, a century hath passed!
A valiant, patriot band we see
Striving for God, and liberty!

Undaunted by the power
Of tyrants, in that hour,
Nobly they stood at that pure shrine,
Guarding its sacred rights divine;
"*To conquer or to die!*"
Their watchword, and their battle cry;
In God their hope; in God their trust,
With him their righteous cause, and just.

Nor vain their hope and prayer,
Nor vain *to do* and *dare ;*
Though strong the foe, the world's proud queen,
They, but a handful of brave men !
Yet not unto the strong,
Doth triumph e'er belong ;
The Lord of battles heard their cry,
And granted strength, and victory !

Death, famine, fire, and sword,
Only to new zeal stirred
That suffering, brave, and patriot band ;
And e'en to-day that blood-bought land
For which they nobly died,
Exalted stands, a nation's pride ;—
The gaze, and envy of the world ;
Her flag in every clime unfurled.

Where erst the trackless wild
The savage foot beguiled,
And echoed far the warwhoop's hideous sound,
And the fierce wolf its secret lair had found,—

To-day, the teeming mart,
And the great city's pulsing heart,
Or peaceful village points its spires,
And waving fields crown man's desires.

Oh, patriots who bled,
Honored, and noble dead!
Oh, Pilgrim band with deed and purpose true,
Ye builded higher, grander, than ye knew!
Peace to your lowly graves,
O'er which New England's green turf waves;
A nation, the most blest for aye,
Rises to call ye blessed to-day!

Hopes, doubtings, faith, and fears,
And strifes;—a hundred years!
We hail with joy our country's natal day;
Ah, who can tell what glorious destiny
The future may bestow,
If such a boon be ours now!
A hundred years;—the clock strikes one!
The centuries have just begun!

Oh, sweet New England vales,
Ye mountains grand, and hills,
Ye billowy prairies of the blooming West,
Savannas of the South in beauty dressed,
Your choicest garlands bring
To deck her brow, and bid to sing
Your wild birds all their sweetest songs to-day;
Old ocean's priestly hand in baptism to lay
Upon that brow, to consecrate for aye!

Of old, baptized in blood,
To-day, baptized to God;
And bid from shore to ever-sounding shore,
Where rivers gleam, or sleeps the hidden ore,
The vast old forest aisles,
O'er which the bending heaven smiles,
From pine, to blooming orange, raise
One grand and glorious psalm of praise!

And you, ye deep-toned bells,
Ring out in joyous peals!
From all your airy towers, and turrets high,
Waft forth melodious incense to the sky;

And as ye sway and swing,
Your iron censers intoning,
Tell to the nations of the world,
O'er a *free* land our flag's unfurled!

God of our fathers; Thou
To whom we reverent bow,
Be ours to safely guide in days to come;
In Thee may all our hopes and aims be one,
And our dear country's name,
Untarnished in its brightest fame,
Through centuries to come, e'er be
Land of the noble and the free!

NEW HAVEN, CONN., *July* 4, 1876.

New York: J. J. Little & Co., Printers.

INDEX.

PAGE

At Last 10
Agony Bells 38
Autumn 102
Agnes Allen 141
Blue Violet, The 139
Church Angel, The 85
Connecticut River, The 173
Dying Year, The 18
Drifting 41
Driving Home the Cows 56
Dropping Anchor 63
Dream-Land 81
Dead 116
Drummer Boy, The 153
Étoile de la Mer 126
Evangeline 167
Early Bird, The 120
End, The (To A. W. B.) 178
Faces We Meet, The 20
Fragment, A 135
Going Home 48
If 15
Inner Sanctum 28
It May Be 60
Indian Summer 144
Life's Bravuras 128
My Welcome Beyond 7
My Ships 12

PAGE

Magic Chime, The 67
Naming the Baby 44
Not Yet 164
Old Year and The New, The 184
President Lincoln 70
Promise 73
Pond Lilies 90
Responsum 79
River, The 88
Recognition 123
Rain on the Roof 131
Rowing 157
Some Day 24
Somebody's Home 31
Ships at Sea 34
Strawberry Girl, The 74
Storm King, The 118
1776—1876 187
To Mrs. Allie W. Brooks 53
Tolling Bell, The 161
Under the Snow 105
Unseen, The 111
Unknown, The 114
Vigils 136
Waiting at the Gate 94
Whetting of the Scythe, The 97
Weavings 108
Whip-poor-will, The 147
Why Not? 150
Winds, The 170
Waiting for Me 182

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 871 469 3